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THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

THE

PLAYS AND POEM

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

SHAKSPEARE.

Engraved by Freeman.

C. D. Wooster

To Esther Strait-Wooster

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,

FROM DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

A. J. VALPY, A.M.,

FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

BELL & DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1878.

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In presenting the first volume of this edition of the Works of Shakespeare to the notice of the Public, the Editor deems it expedient to point out the leading features by which it is distinguished.

The text of Malone, as published in 1821, in twenty-one volumes, is scrupulously followed; and a brief Historical Sketch and Argument are affixed to each Play.

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The number and quality of the Illustrations, the convenience and portability of the size adopted for the edition, and the general execution of the whole work, will, it is hoped, merit the approbation of the public, as the most useful, beautiful, and economical edition of Shakespeare's whole works.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-color'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

JOHNSON.

A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

CHURCHILL.

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LIFE

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

No feeling appears more universal, and natural to the mind of man, than that which transfers an admiration of works of genius into an inquiry respecting the mind whence they emanated; and seldom has curiosity been less gratified than in its researches into the biography of the greatest genius ever known in dramatic poetry. But little more than two centuries have elapsed since the death of our author, and almost as much is ascertained of the private life of Homer, as can now be gleaned of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, of whom little more can be learned, save that he lived and died, and was buried in his native town: yet his talents appear to have been highly appreciated by his contemporaries, and still more so by his immediate successors: and it might

well be imagined, that interest or affection would have induced some of these to collect every material connected with his life, which his surviving relatives would without doubt have been willing to communicate.

It is much to be regretted that no attempt of this kind was made before the year 1709, when an edition of Shakspeare was undertaken by Mr. Nicholas Rowe, the dramatic poet, to which he prefixed some biographical particulars, which were communicated by Betterton, the celebrated player, who had visited Warwickshire in order to obtain them: but too long a period had now elapsed: most of the circumstances of the poet's private life were irrecoverably lost, and the inquiries of the tragedian were comparatively unsuccessful. A few traditional anecdotes, trivial in themselves, and unsupported by sufficient evidence, were indeed procured, and learned men have since added to the number of these scanty materials, the most authentic of which we now present to the reader. Perhaps the obscurity in which the circumcumstances of our author's life are involved shed a sublimity and halo round his magic name, which a more detailed narrative might fail to have afforded.

William Shakspeare, the son of John and Mary Shakspeare, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23rd of April, 1564, and was baptised on the 26th of the same month. His fa-

mily,' says Mr. Rowe, 'as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen.' Certain it is that the family of Shakspeare is of great antiquity in the county of Warwick, where it was established long before our author's time: we may presume, however, that the patrimony of Mr. John Shakspeare, the father of our dramatist, was insufficient for the support of his family, independent of trade. He was, in fact, a wool-stapler; and it may be conjectured that during the former part of his life he was in prosperous circumstances, since we find that he was early chosen a member of the corporation of Stratford, and shortly after high bailiff or chief magistrate, now distinguished by the title of mayor. This office he filled in 1569, as appears by the following extracts from the books of the corporation:—

'Jan. 10. in the sixth year of the reign of our sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth, John Shakspeare passed his chamberlain's accounts.'

'At the hall holden the eleventh day of September, in the eleventh year of the reign of our sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth, 1569, were present Mr. John Shakspeare, high bailiff.'

During the period that he filled this office he first obtained a grant of arms; and, in a note annexed to the subsequent patent of 1596, now in the Col-

lege of Arms, it is stated that he was likewise a justice of the peace, and possessed of lands and tenements to the amount of 500*l.*

Our author's mother was the daughter and heiress of R. Arden, of Wellingcote, in the county of Warwick, who, in the manuscript above referred to, is called 'a gentleman of worship.' This family appears to have been of considerable antiquity, R. Arden, of Bromwich, Esq. being recorded in Fuller's Worthies, among the names of the gentry of this county returned by the commissioners in the twelfth year of Henry VI, A. D. 1433. E. Arden was sheriff for the county in 1568. In consequence of this marriage, Mr. John Shakspeare and his posterity were allowed, by the college of heralds, to impale their arms with the ancient arms of the Ardens of Wellingcote.

Although the father of Shakspeare, at the period of his marriage, appears to have been in easy if not affluent circumstances, an unfavorable change in his prospects may be inferred, because he was excused, in 1579, the weekly payment of 4*d.*, and dismissed the corporation in 1586, as appears from the books, where it is stated that—

'At the hall holden November 19th, in the twenty-first year of the reign of our sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth, it is ordained, that every alderman shall be taxed to pay weekly 4*d.*, saving J. Shak-

Romney del. Starling sc.

INFANT SHAKSPEARE

Attended by Nature and the Passions.

speare and R. Bruce, who shall not be taxed to pay any thing; and every burgess to pay 2*d.*'

'At the hall holden on the sixth day of September, in the twenty-eighth year of our sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth: at this hall W. Smith and R. Courte are chosen to be aldermen, in the places of J. Wheler and J. Shakspeare, for that Mr. Wheler doth desire to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakspeare doth not come to the halls, when they be warned, nor hath not done of a long time.'

Little more than two months had passed over the head of the infant Shakspeare, when the plague, which in that and the preceding year was so fatal to England, broke out at Stratford-on-Avon, and raged with such violence between the 30th of June and the last day of December, that a seventh part of the population were carried off by the disorder. Fortunately for mankind, it did not reach the house where the infant Shakspeare lay; for not one of that name appears in the dead list.

It appears impossible to ascertain at what period Shakspeare was sent by his father to the free-school at Stratford, where he received his education. Of his school-days, unfortunately, no account whatever has come down to us: we are, therefore, unable to mark his gradual advancement, or to point out the early presages of future renown, which his extraordinary parts must have afforded. Were our poet's

early history accurately known, it would unquestionably furnish us with many indications of that genius, which afterwards rendered him the admiration of the whole civilised world.

Although we know not how long he continued at school, or what proficiency he made there, we may, with the highest probability, assume, that he acquired a competent, though perhaps not a profound knowlege of the Latin language: for why should it be supposed that he, who surpassed all mankind in his maturer years, made less proficiency than his fellows in his youth, while he had the benefit of instructors equally skilful? Even Ben Jonson, who undoubtedly was inclined rather to depreciate than overrate his rival's literary talents, allows that he knew some Latin. In the school of Stratford, therefore, we see no reason to suppose that Shakspeare was outstripped by his contemporaries. Dr. Farmer indeed has proved by unanswerable arguments that he was furnished by translations with most of those topics, which for half a century had been urged as indisputable proofs of his erudition. But though his Essay is decisive in this respect, it by no means proves that he had not acquired, at the school of Stratford, a moderate knowlege of Latin, though, perhaps, he never attained such a mastery of that language as to read it without the occasional aid of a dictionary. Like many other scholars who have not

been thoroughly grounded in the ancient tongues, from desuetude in the progress of life, he probably found them daily more difficult; and hence, doubtless, indolence led him rather to English translations, than the original authors, of whose works he wished to avail himself in his dramatic compositions: on which occasion he was certainly too careless minutely to examine whether particular passages were faithfully rendered or not. That such a mind as his was not idle or incurious, and that at this period of his life he perused several of the easier Latin classics, cannot reasonably be doubted; though, perhaps, he never attained a facility of reading those authors, with whom he had not been familiarly acquainted at school. He needed not however, as Dryden has well observed, 'the spectacles of books' to read men: there can be no doubt, that even from his youth he was a curious and diligent observer of the manners and characters, not only of his young associates, but of all around him; a study, in which, unquestionably, he took great delight, and pursued with avidity during the whole course of his future life. Fuller, who was a diligent and accurate inquirer, has given us, in his Worthies, printed in 1662, the most full and express opinion on the subject. 'He was an eminent instance,' he remarks, 'of the truth of that rule, *poëta non fit, sed nascitur; one is not made, but born a poet.* Indeed his learning was

very little; so that as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth; so nature itself was all the art which was used on him.'

It is generally admitted that Shakspeare was withdrawn from school at a very early age, to direct his attention to his father's business, in order that he might assist in warding off from his family the menacing approach of poverty. Mr. Malone, however, conjectures that he was placed in the office of some country attorney, after leaving school, or with the seneschal of some manor court, where he acquired those technical law phrases that so frequently occur in his plays, and could not have been in common use unless among professional men. But whatever doubts there may be as to his employment on leaving school, it is certain that Shakspeare married and became the father of a family at a very early period; at a period, indeed, when most young men, even in his own days, had only completed their school education; for an entry in the Stratford register mentions, that 'Susanna, daughter of William Shakspeare, was baptised May 26th, 1583,' when he was only nineteen years of age. His wife was Anne Hathaway, the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a substantial yeoman, residing at Shottery, a village near Stratford. It appears also from the tombstone of his widow in the church of Strat-

ford, that she must have been born in 1556, and was therefore eight years older than her husband, to whom she brought three children, Susanna, Judith, and Hamnet; the last two being twins, who were baptised February 2d, 1584-5.

Shakspeare was now, to all appearance, settled in the country; he was carrying on his own and his father's business; he was married, and had a family around him; a situation, in which the comforts of domestic privacy might be predicted within his reach, but which augured little of that splendid destiny, that universal fame and unparalleled celebrity, which awaited his future career.

Shortly after the birth of his youngest children, our author quitted Stratford for the metropolis: his motive for taking this step must be admitted to be involved in considerable obscurity. We are informed by Rowe, that 'he had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad on him: and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, is lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it re-

doubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London.'

The detection of Shakspeare in his adventurous amusement, was followed, it is said, by confinement for a short time in the keeper's lodge, until the charge had been substantiated against him. A farm-house in the park, situated on a spot called Daisy Hill, is still pointed out as the very building which sheltered the delinquent on this unfortunate occasion.

That Sir Thomas had reason to complain of this violation of his property, and was warranted in taking proper steps to prevent its recurrence, cannot be denied; and yet it appears from tradition, that a reprimand and public exposure of his conduct constituted all the punishment that was at first inflicted on the offender. Here the matter would have rested, had not the irritable feelings of our young bard, inflamed by the disgrace which he had suffered, induced him to attempt a retaliation on the magistrate. He had recourse to his talents for satire, and the ballad which he is said to have produced for this purpose was probably his earliest effort as a writer.

Of this pasquinade, which the poet took care should be affixed to Sir Thomas's park gates, and extensively circulated through his neighborhood, three stanzas have been brought forward as genuine

fragments. The preservation of the whole would certainly have been a most entertaining curiosity; but even the authenticity of what is said to have been preserved becomes a subject of interest, when we recollect that the fate and fortunes of our author hinged on this juvenile production.

Mr. William Oldys, (Norroy king at arms, and well known from the share he had in compiling the Biographia Britannica) among some collections which he left for a life of Shakspeare, observes, 'that there was a very aged gentleman living in the neighborhood of Stratford, where he died fifty years since, who had not only heard from several old people in that town of Shakspeare's transgression, but could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing; and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me:—

A parliamente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:
He thinks himself greate,
Yet an asse in his state
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.'

Although neither the wit nor the poetry of this

satire deserves much praise, yet at the time when it was written, it might have had sufficient power to exasperate an irritable magistrate; especially as it was affixed to his park gates, and consequently published among his neighbors. It may be remarked likewise, in favor of its authenticity, that the jingle on which it turns occurs in the first scene of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' We may add too, that Steevens considered Mr. Oldys' veracity as unimpeachable, remarking, at the same time, that 'it is not very probable that a ballad should be forged, from which an undiscovered wag could derive no triumph over antiquarian credulity.'

According to Mr. Capell, this ballad came originally from Mr. Thomas Jones, who lived at Tarbick, a village in Worcestershire, about 18 miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and died in 1703, aged upwards of ninety. 'He remembered to have heard from several old people at Stratford the story of Shakspeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park, and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's, with this addition, that the ballad written against Sir T. Lucy by Shakspeare was stuck on his park gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a lawyer at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. Jones put down in writing the first stanza of this ballad, which was all he remembered of it.' In a note on the transcript with which Mr. Capell was furnished, it

is said that 'the people of those parts pronounce lowsie like Lucy.' They do so to this day in Scotland. Mr. Wilkes, grandson of the gentleman to whom Mr. Jones repeated the stanza, appears to have been the person who gave a copy of it to Mr. Oldys and Mr. Capell.

In a manuscript History of the Stage, written between the years 1727 and 1730, in which are contained forgeries and falshoods of various kinds, we meet with the following passage, on which although we are unable to repose an equal degree of confidence, still the internal evidence is such, as to render its genuineness far from improbable :—

'Here we shall observe that the learned Mr. Joshua Barnes, late Greek professor at Cambridge, baiting, about 40 years ago, at an inn in Stratford, and hearing an old woman singing part of the above song, such was his respect for Shakspeare's genius, that he gave her a new gown for the two following stanzas in it; and, could she have said it all, he would (as he often said in company when any discourse casually arose about him) have given her ten guineas :—

Sir Thomas was too covetous
  To covet so much deer,
When horns enough upon his head
  Most plainly did appear.

Had not his worship one deer left?
  What then? He had a wife
Took pains enough to find him horns
  Should last him during life'

Mr. Malone has endeavored to prove that the whole story of the deer-stealing is unworthy of credit, that the verses are altogether spurious, and that Sir T. Lucy never was in possession of a park Charlecote; and thinks it much more probable that Shakspeare's own lively disposition made him acquainted with some of the principal performers who visited Stratford, and that there he first determined to engage in the profession of a player. The arrival of our author in London is generally supposed to have taken place in 1586, when he was 22 years of age.

Mr. Rowe has affirmed, on a tradition which we have no claim to dispute, that 'he was obliged to leave his family for some time;' a fact in the highest degree probable, from the causes which led to his removal; for it is not to be supposed, situated as he then was, that he would be willing to render his wife and children the partakers and companions of the disasters and disappointments which it was probable he had to encounter. Tradition farther says, as preserved in the manuscripts of Aubrey, that 'he was wont to go to his native country once a yeare;' and Mr. Oldys, in his collections for a life of our author, repeats this report with an additional circumstance, remarking, 'if tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn, at Oxford, in his journey to and from London.' The testimony of

these statements will be strongly corroborated, if we consult the parish register of Stratford; for it appears on that record, that, merely including his children, there is a succession of baptisms, marriages, and deaths in his family at Stratford, from 1583 to 1616. In addition to this evidence, it may be remarked, that the poet, in a mortgage, dated the 10th of March, 1612-13, is described as William Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, gentleman; and that by his contemporaries he was frequently styled 'the sweet swan of Avon;' designations, which must be considered as implying the family residence of our author. These circumstances induced Mr. Chalmers, after much research, to conclude that Shakspeare 'had no fixed residence in the metropolis, nor ever considered London as his home; but had resolved that his wife and family should remain through life at Stratford, though he himself made frequent excursions to London, the scene of his profit, and the theatre of his fame.'

Much controversy has been excited respecting the nature of our author's early employment at the London theatre, to which he appears to have been introduced by Thomas Greene, a celebrated comedian of the day, a native of Stratford, and, probably, a relative of Shakspeare. We are informed by Rowe, 'that he was received into the company then in being, at first, in a very mean rank.' It has been

related that his first office was that of call-boy, or attendant on the prompter, and that his business was to give notice to the performers when their different entries on the stage were required. We may, however, reasonably conclude that Mr. Rowe only meant to imply that his engagement as an actor was, at first, in the performance of characters of the lowest class, and that his rising talents afterwards recommended him to the personation of a more elevated range of parts. John Aubrey, a student at Oxford, only 26 years after the poet's death, strongly substantiates this view of the case, when he tells us, that 'being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, he came to London, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well.'

Another tradition, which places him in a still meaner occupation, is said to have been transmitted through the medium of Sir W. Davenant to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe, and this gentleman to Mr. Pope, by whom, according to Dr. Johnson, it was related in the following terms: —'In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakspeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to

wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that, in a short time, every man, as he alighted, called for Will Shakspeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakspeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, 'I am Shakspeare's boy, sir.' In time, Shakspeare found higher employment: but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakspeare's boys.'

The authenticity of this tradition appears very questionable. It should be remembered that this anecdote first appeared in Cibber's Lives of the Poets; and that if it were known to Mr. Rowe, it is evident he thought it so little intitled to credit, that he chose not to risk its insertion in his life of our poet. In short, if we reflect for a moment, that Shakspeare, though he fled from Stratford to avoid the severity of a prosecution, could not be destitute of money or friends, as the necessity for that flight was occasioned by an imprudent ebullition of wit,

and not by any serious delinquency; that the father of his wife was a yeoman both of respectability and property; that his own father, though impoverished, was still in business; and that he had, in all likelihood, a ready admission to the stage through the influence of persons of leading weight in its concerns; we cannot, without doing the utmost violence to probability, conceive that, under these circumstances, and in the 23rd year of his age, he would submit to the degrading employment of either a horse-holder at the door of a theatre, or of a call-boy within its walls.

That Shakspeare had a perfect knowlege of his art is sufficiently proved by the instructions which are given to the player in Hamlet, and by other passages in his works: it is improbable, however, that he was entrusted with first-rate characters. Mr. Rowe has mentioned as the sole result of his inquiries, that he excelled in representing the Ghost in Hamlet; and if the names of the actors prefixed to 'Every Man in his Humor' were arranged in the same order as the persons of the drama, he must have performed the part of Old Knowell in that comedy. A traditionary anecdote relating to our author's dramatic performances, preserved by Mr. Oldys, and communicated to him, as Mr. Malone thinks, by Mr. T. Jones, of Tarbick, imports, (as corrected by the learned commentator) that a relation of Shakspeare, then in advanced age, but who

in his youth had been in the habit of visiting London for the purpose of seeing him act in some of his own plays, told Mr. Jones, that he had a faint recollection 'of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak, and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sang a song.' That this part was the character of Adam, in 'As You Like It,' there can be no doubt: and hence, perhaps, we may be warranted in the conclusion, that the representation of aged characters was peculiarly his forte.

We now come to that era in the life of Shakspeare when he began to write his immortal dramas, and to develop those powers which have rendered him the delight and wonder of successive ages. At the time that he became in some degree a public character, we naturally expect to find many anecdotes recorded of his literary history: but by a strange fatality, the same want of authentic record, the same absence of all contemporary anecdote, marks every stage of his life. Even the date at which his first play appeared is unknown, and the greatest uncertainty prevails with respect to the chronological order in which the whole series was exhibited or published, of which 14

only were printed during the life-time of the poet. As this subject was justly considered by Malone to be both curious and interesting, he has appropriated to its examination a long and laborious essay. Chalmers, in his 'Supplemental Apology,' however endeavors to controvert Malone's dates, and assigns them to other eras. Dr. Drake suggests a new chronological arrangement, and assigns very plausible arguments in support of his opinions: he thinks that the first drama, either wholly, or in great part written by him, was 'Pericles,' which was produced in 1590. Malone says the 'First Part of Henry VI.' published in 1589, and commonly attributed to Shakspeare, was not written by him, though it might receive some corrections from his pen at a subsequent period, in order to fit it for representation. The 'Second Part of Henry VI.' this writer contends, ought therefore to be considered as Shakspeare's first dramatic piece; and he thinks that it might be composed about 1591, but certainly not earlier than 1590.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

	Malone.	Chalmers.	Drake.
1. Henry VI. Part 1.	1589	1595	——
2. Pericles	——	——	1590
3. Henry VI. Part 2. . . .	1591	1595	1592
4. Henry VI. Part 3. . . .	1591	1595	1592
5. Two Gentlemen of Verona .	1591	1595	1595
6. Comedy of Errors . . .	1592	1591	1591
7. Richard II.	1593	1596	1596

	Malone.	Chalmers.	Drake.
8. Richard III.	1593	1595	1595
9. Love's Labor's Lost . .	1594	1592	1591
10. Merchant of Venice . .	1594	1597	1597
11. Midsummer Night's Dream .	1594	1598	1593
12. Taming of the Shrew . .	1596	1598	1594
13. Romeo and Juliet . . .	1596	1592	1593
14. King John	1596	1598	1598
15. Henry IV. Part 1. . .	1597	1596	1596
16. Henry IV. Part 2. . .	1599	1597	1596
17. As You Like It . . .	1599	1599	1600
18. Henry V.	1599	1597	1599
19. Much Ado about Nothing .	1600	1599	1599
20. Hamlet	1600	1597	1597
21. Merry Wives of Windsor .	1601	1596	1601
22. Troilus and Cressida . .	1602	1600	1601
23. Measure for Measure . .	1603	1604	1603
24. Henry VIII.	1603	1613	1602
25. Othello	1604	1614	1612
26. King Lear	1605	1605	1604
27. All's Well that Ends Well .	1606	1599	1598
28. Macbeth	1606	1606	1606
29. Julius Cæsar	1607	1607	1607
30. Twelfth Night . . .	1607	1613	1613
31. Antony and Cleopatra . .	1608	1608	1608
32. Cymbeline	1609	1606	1605
33. Coriolanus	1610	1609	1609
34. Timon of Athens . . .	1610	1601	1602
35. Winter's Tale	1611	1601	1610
36. Tempest	1611	1613	1611

Much has been said by different commentators on certain plays ascribed to Shakspeare, but which are of such a doubtful class, that it is almost impossible to identify their authors; and it is quite impossible to prove them 'to be, or not to be,' the writings of the bard of Avon. 'Titus Andronicus' is generally classed with his plays; but all the critics, except

Capell and Schlegel, consider it to be unworthy of Shakspeare. The editors of the first folio edition however have included it in that volume; which, combined with other circumstances, implies that they considered the play as his production. George Meres, a contemporary and admirer of Shakspeare, enumerates it among his works in 1598, and Meres was personally acquainted with, and consulted by, our poet. 'I cannot conceive,' says Schlegel, 'that all the critical scepticism in the wor'd would be sufficient to get over such a testimony. The same critic assigns other reasons to show that this play was one of Shakspeare's early productions, between 1584 and 1590. 'Can we imagine,' he asks, 'that such an active head would remain idle for six whole years, without making any attempt to emerge by his talents from an uncongenial situation?' The following pieces appeared during Shakspeare's lifetime, and with his name to them:—1. Locrine; 2. Sir John Oldcastle; 3. Lord Cromwell; 4. The London Prodigal; 5. The Puritan; and, 6. A Yorkshire Tragedy Schlegel, speaking of these plays, says, 'The last three are not only unquestionably Shakspeare's, but, in my opinion, they deserve to be classed among his best and maturest works. Steevens admits, at least in some degree, that they are Shakspeare's, as well as the others, excepting 'Locrine;' but he speaks of them all with great contempt, as

quite worthless productions.' On the same subject let us hear the decided language of Dr. Drake:—'Of these wretched dramas, it has been now positively proved, through the medium of the Henslowe papers, that the name of Shakspeare, which is printed at length in the title-pages of Sir John Oldcastle, 1690, and The London Prodigal, 1605, was affixed to those pieces by a knavish bookseller, without any foundation.' Eight other dramatic pieces have been attributed to Shakspeare; all of which are condemned by Dr. Drake, who says, he does not believe that 'twenty lines can be found of Shakspeare in 'King Henry VI.' or 'Titus Andronicus,' and not so many in the six above enumerated; and therefore,' says he, 'to enter into any critical discussion of the merits or defects of these pieces, would be an utter abuse of time.' The same may be said of other volumes, consisting of poems, &c. which certain unprincipled booksellers have foisted on the world, even with the name of Shakspeare in the title-page. A rare little volume, called 'Cupid's Cabinet Unlocked,' in the possession of James Perry, Esq., with the name of our author, was inspected by that enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, Mr. Britton, who pronounces it to have no other characteristic of the great author, whose name is thus prostituted.

Besides his thirty-six plays, Shakspeare wrote some poetical pieces, which were published separately, viz. Venus and Adonis, printed in 1593; The

Rape of Lucrece, in 1594; The Passionate Pilgrim, in 1599; A Lover's Complaint, undated; and a volume of Sonnets, in 1609. The first and second of these productions were dedicated to his great patron, the Earl of Southampton, who is reported, at one time, to have given Shakspeare 1000*l.* to enable him to complete a purchase; a sum which in those days would be equal in value to more than five times its present amount. This may be, and probably is, an exaggeration; but that it has been founded on the well-known liberality of Lord Southampton to Shakspeare; on a certain knowlege that donations had passed from the peer to the poet, there can be little doubt. The earls of Pembroke and Montgomery are said to have vied with this amiable nobleman in the patronage of our author, who was soon after honored by the favor of Queen Elizabeth, at whose desire he is stated to have composed the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' Tradition says, this was executed in a fortnight, and afforded Her Majesty entire satisfaction. The approbation and encouragement of the two sovereigns, under whose reigns he florished, was a subject of contemporary notoriety; for Ben Jonson, in his celebrated eulogy, thus apostrophises his departed friend:—

> Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
> To see thee in our waters yet appear;
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
> That so did take Eliza and our James.

The latter monarch was present at the representation of many of his pieces, and is stated by Lintot to have written 'an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare,' in return, as Dr. Farmer supposes, for the compliment paid to him in Macbeth, where allusion is made to the kingdoms of England and Scotland being united under one sovereign, and to James's pretensions of curing the malady of the king's evil by his royal touch. This letter is said to have remained long in the possession of Sir W. Davenant, who was by some persons thought to be an illegitimate son of our author, if the following traditionary anecdote be worthy of credit:—

That Shakspeare was accustomed to pay an annual visit to his native place has been already noticed; and we learn from Antony Wood, that in performing these journeys, he used to bait at the Crown Inn at Oxford, which was then kept by J. Davenant, the father of the poet. Antony represents Mrs. Davenant as both beautiful and accomplished, and her husband as a lover of plays, and a great admirer of Shakspeare. The frequent visits of the bard, and the charms of his landlady, appear to have given birth to some scandalous surmises; for Oldys, repeating Wood's story, adds, on the authority of Betterton and Pope, that their son, young Will Davenant, afterwards Sir William, was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that

whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townsman, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god*-father Shakspeare. 'There 's a good boy,' said the other; 'but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vain.' It has been also said that Sir William had the weakness to feel gratified by the publicity of this supposition.

In the year 1596 Shakspeare's feelings as a father were put to a severe trial, by the loss of his only son, Hamnet, who died in August, at the age of twelve.

Shakspeare was now residing, it would appear from evidence referred to by Mr. Malone, near the Bear Garden in Southwark; and in the following year, 1597, he purchased of Wm. Underhill, Esq. one of the best houses in his native town of Stratford, which, having repaired and improved, he denominated New Place. Whether this was the purchase, in which he is said to have been so materially assisted by Lord Southampton, cannot positively be affirmed; but as he had not long emerged from his difficulties, it is highly probable that, on this, as well as on subsequent occasions, he was indebted to the bounty of his patron.[1] It must be gratifying to

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[1] A late Reviewer has observed, in estimating the genius of Byron and Shakspeare, that the former could never claim

every reader to reflect, that one, to whom mankind has been so largely indebted for the pleasure and instruction which his writings have afforded, was not, while he was administering to the delight of others, himself laboring under the pressure of poverty; and we are rejoiced to find him, at the close of life, leaving his family in a state of comparative affluence.

The commencement of the intimacy between our author and Ben Jonson has been commonly assigned to the year 1598. We are informed by Mr. Rowe, that his friendship 'began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world,

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equal talent with the latter in his delineations of high life; since Shakspeare never had the advantage of mixing in such society, while Byron was bred and educated in the midst of it. The same opinion has indeed been generally adopted, and some Commentators have even considered that Shakspeare always lived in a state of comparative obscurity. Such however cannot be the fact; for with the acknowleged patronage of such men as Lords Southampton, Pembroke, and Montgomery, it cannot well be doubted that he was introduced to the society and intercourse of great as well as good men.—Is it not a little surprising that Lord Byron should have disparaged the genius of Shakspeare, whom every great poet and philosopher has so universally and unequivocally admired and extolled? The excessive praise bestowed by Byron on Pope suggests many reflections, which more properly belong to his own biography; though perhaps such extreme approbation may have had some reference to his own occasional controversies relative to that poet.

had offered one of his plays to the players to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and supercillously over, were just on the point of returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to the company, when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye on it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public.'

That this kind office was in perfect unison with the general character of Shakspeare will readily be admitted; yet there is much reason to conclude that the whole account is without foundation. Both Mr. Malone and Dr. Drake concur in disbelieving the story; and 'that Jonson was altogether unknown to the world,' remarks Mr. Gifford, 'is a palpable untruth. At this period, 1598, Jonson was as well known as Shakspeare, and perhaps better. He was poor indeed, and very poor, and a mere retainer of the theatres; but he was intimately acquainted with Henslowe and Alleyn, and with all the performers at their houses: he was familiar with Drayton, Chapman, Rowley, Middleton, and Fletcher; he had been writing for three years, in conjunction with Marston, Decker, Chettle, Porter, Bird, and with most of the poets of the day; he was celebrated by Meres as one of the principal

writers of tragedy; and he had long been rising in reputation as a scholar and poet among the most distinguished characters of the age. At this moment he was employed on 'Every Man out of his Humor,' which was acted in 1599; and, in the elegant dedication of that comedy to the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, he says, 'When I wrote this poem, I had friendship with divers of your societies, who as they were great names in learning, so were they no less examples of living. Of them, and then, that I say no more, it was not despised.' And yet Jonson was, at this time, 'altogether unknown to the world!' and offered a virgin comedy, which had already been three years on the stage, to a player, in the humble hope that it might be accepted!'

Neither are the charges of enmity, which have been so often preferred against Jonson by Rowe and others, better deserving of credit. Mr. Gifford, after successfully overthrowing the long prevalent stories of the hostility which is said to have subsisted between these two great men, thus remarks:—'It is my fixed persuasion, not lightly adopted, but deduced from a wide examination of the subject, that Jonson and Shakspeare were friends and associates till the latter finally retired;—that no feud, no jealousy ever disturbed their connexion;—that Shakspeare was pleased with Jonson, and that Jonson loved and admired Shakspeare.'

It appears not a little remarkable, that Jonson seems to have maintained a higher place in the estimation of the public in general than our poet, for more than a century after the death of the latter. Within that period Jonson's works are said to have passed through several editions, while Shakspeare's were comparatively neglected till the time of Rowe. This circumstance is in a great measure to be accounted for on the principle that classical literature and collegiate learning were regarded in those days as the chief criterions of merit.

In 1599, Shakspeare's sister, Joan, was united to Mr. William Hart, a hatter in Stratford;—an occurrence, which, in the great dearth of events unfortunately incident to our subject, is of some importance: and on the 8th of September, 1601, his father, Mr. John Shakspeare, expired, leaving a name immortalized by the celebrity of his offspring.

In 1602, no other trace of our author is discoverable, independent of his literary exertions, than that, on the first day of May, in that year, he purchased, in Stratford, 107 acres of land, for 320*l.* which lands appear to have been connected with his former purchase of New Place, and to have descended with it.

On the last day of 1607, our poet buried, at St. Saviour, Southwark, his brother Edmond, who with singular precision is entered in the register of that

parish as 'Edmond Shakspeare, a player;' so that, as Mr. Chalmers has observed, 'there were two Shakspeares on the stage during the same period.'

Though Shakspeare continued to write till 1611 or 1613, he had probably declined appearing as an actor long before that period; as no mention of his name can be found among the list of players subsequent to the production of Ben Jonson's Sejanus in 1603, in which year he succeeded in obtaining a license from King James, to exhibit comedies, tragedies, histories, &c. at the Globe theatre; and was enabled to acquire, during his dramatic career from this period, a considerable accumulation of property. Gildon, in his Letters and Essays, 1694, estimated the amount at 300*l.* per annum, a sum at least equal to 1000*l.* in our days; but Mr. Malone thinks that it could not exceed 200*l.*, which yet was a considerable fortune in those times. Being thus in possession of an independence adequate to his wishes, he quitted the business of the theatre, and passed the remainder of his life in honorable ease, at his native town.

The exact period at which Shakspeare quitted the metropolis has not been ascertained; but as his name does not occur in the accounts of the Globe theatre for 1613, and no mention is made of it in his will; it seems reasonable to infer, that he disposed of his interest in that concern previous to

leaving London, which event probably took place in the summer of that year.

That he was greatly honored and respected at Stratford, we are induced to credit, not only from tradition, but from the tone and disposition of heart and intellect which his works everywhere evince; and, accordingly, Rowe has told us, that 'his pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and intitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighborhood.'

Shortly after the retirement of Shakspeare from public life, his residence narrowly escaped a dreadful conflagration, which, on July 9th, 1614, destroyed 54 houses at Stratford, and consumed much valuable property.

It is not known what particular malady terminated the life and labors of this incomparable genius. He died on the 23d of April, 1616, his birth-day when he had exactly completed his 52d year. It is remarkable, that on the same day expired, in Spain, his great and amiable contemporary, Cervantes; the world being thus deprived, at nearly the same moment, of the two most original writers which modern Europe has produced.

On the second day after his decease the remain of Shakspeare were committed to the grave, withi the chancel of the parish church; where a flat ston and monument were afterwards placed to point ov

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the spot, and commemorate his likeness, name, and memory. In what year the monument was erected is not known, but certainly before 1623, as it is mentioned in the verses of Leonard Digges in that year. He is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following distich is engraved under the cushion :—

> Judicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
> Terra tegit, popvlvs mœret, Olympvs habet.

In addition to this Latin inscription, the following lines are found on a tablet immediately underneath the cushion on his monument :—

> Stay, passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
> Read, if thov canst, whom enviovs death hath plast
> Within this monvment, Shakspeare ; with whome
> Qvick natvre dide ; whose name doth deck ys tombe
> Far more than coste, sieth all yt. he hath writt,
> Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt.
> Obiit Ano. Doi. 1616. ætatis 53. die 23 Ap.

On his grave-stone underneath is the following inscription, expressed, as Mr. Steevens observes, in an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters :—

> Good Frend for Iesus SAKE forbeare
> To diGG T-E Dust EncloAsed HERe
> Blese be T-E Man $^{T}_{Y}$ spares T-ES Stones
> And curst be He $^{T}_{Y}$ moves my Bones

It is uncertain whether this epitaph was written by Shakspeare himself, or by one of his friends after his death. 'The imprecation contained in the last line was probably suggested,' as Mr. Malone has remarked, 'by an apprehension that his remains might share the same fate with those of the rest of his countrymen, and be added to the immense pile of human bones deposited in the charnel-house at Stratford.'

In the year 1741, another very noble and beautiful monument was raised to his memory, at the public expense, in Westminster Abbey, under the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martyn. It stands near the south door of the Abbey, and was the work of Scheemaker, after a design of Kent. The performers of each of the London theatres gave a benefit to defray the expenses, and the dean and chapter took nothing for the ground.

We have now recorded the substance of the scanty notices respecting the life of Shakspeare, which we are enabled to collect from Rowe and from various commentators on his works. To these we shall add the following anecdotes from John Aubrey, in his manuscript collections in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It is worthy of note, that Aubrey resided at Oxford for several years after 1642; that he was intimate with Sir W. Davenant.

Hobbes, Milton, Ray, &c.; that he made it a practice to collect and write down anecdotes of his friends and of public characters; that Davenant knew Shakspeare; that there was frequent communication between Stratford and Oxford; and that, although there are some variations in the accounts of Rowe and Aubrey, the latter is, on the whole, most intitled to credit.

'Mr. William Shakespear was borne at Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick: his father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he kill'd a calfe, he would doe it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this towne, that was helde not at all inferior to him for a naturall witt, his acquaintance and coetanean, but dyed young. This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guesse about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. Now Ben Jonson never was a good actor, but an excellent instructor. He began early to make essayes at dramatique poetry, which at that time was very lowe, and his playes tooke well. He was a handsome, well-shap't man, very good company, and of a very readie and pleasant smooth witt: the humour of the constable in 'A Midsum-

mer Night's Dreame,'[1] he happened to take at Grendon, in Bucks, which is the roade from London to Stratford: and there was living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Howe is of that parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men dayly, wherever they came. One time, as he was at the tavern, at Stratford-upon-Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was to be buryed; he makes there this extemporary epitaph:—

> Ten in the hundred the devill allowes,
> But Combes will have twelve he sweares and vowes:
> If any one askes who lies in this tombe,
> 'Hoh,' quoth the devill, 'tis my John o' Combe.'

'He was wont to goe to his native country once a yeare. I think I have been told, that he left 200 or 300 lib. per annum, there and therabout, to a sister. I have heard Sir William D'Avenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell, who is counted the best comœdian we have now, say that he had a most prodigious witt; and did admire his naturall parts beyond all other dramaticall writers. He was wont to say that he never blotted out a line in his life: sayd Ben Jonson, 'I wish he had blotted out a thousand.' His comœdies will remain witt as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles

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[1] Probably Dogberry, in 'Much Ado about Nothing.'

mores hominum: now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombeities, that twenty years hence they will not be understood.

'Though, as Ben Jonson sayes of him, that he had but little Latine and lesse Greek, he understood Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country.' See Letters from the Bodleian Library, &c. iii. 307.

In order to reconcile these conflicting testimonies, Malone supposes that Aubrey confounded the father of our poet, with John, son of Thomas Shakspeare, a butcher at Warwick, who lived at the same period. Dr. Drake, however, conjectures that John Shakspeare, when under the pressure of adversity, might combine the two employments of wool-stapler and butcher, which are in a certain degree connected with each other. The same learned author seems also inclined to believe, with Malone, that, in the early part of his life, Shakspeare was employed in the office of an attorney; that some uncertain rumor of this kind might have continued to the middle of the last century; and by the time it reached Aubrey, our poet's original occupation was changed from a scrivener to that of a schoolmaster.

To the disposition and moral character of Shakspeare, to the felicity of his temper and the sweetness of his manners, tradition has ever borne the most uniform and favorable testimony: and, indeed, had

she been silent on the subject, his own works would have whispered to us the truth; would have told us, in almost every page, of the gentleness, the benevolence, and the goodness of his heart. That a temper of this description, and combined with such talents, should be the object of sincere and ardent friendship, can excite no surprise. 'I loved the man,' says Jonson, with a noble burst of enthusiasm, 'and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature.' 'My gentle Shakspeare' is the language of the same great man, in his poem to the memory of our bard; and Rowe, repeating the uncontradicted rumor of times past, has told us, 'that every one, who had a true sense of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him;' adding, 'that his exceeding candor and good nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him.'

Mrs. Shakspeare, who survived her husband eight years, was buried between his grave and the north wall of the chancel, under a stone inlaid with brass, and thus inscribed:—

Heere lyeth interred the bodye of Anne, wife of Mr. William Shakespeare, who depted. this life the 6th day of Avgvst, 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares.

Vbera, tv, Mater, tv lac vitamq. dedisti;
Væ mihi! pro tanto mvnere saxa dabo.

Qvam mallem, amoveat lapidem bonvs angel' ore.
Exeat vt Christi corpvs, imago tva.
Sed nil vota valent; venias cito, Christe; resvrget,
Clavsa licet tvmvlo, mater, et astra petet.

Of Shakspeare's two daughters, the eldest, Susanna, married Dr. John Hall, a physician of Stratford, who is said to have obtained much reputation and practice. She brought her husband an only child, Elizabeth, who was married, first, to Thomas Nashe, Esq. and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abingdon, in Northamptonshire; but had no issue by either of them. Judith, Shakspeare's second daughter, married Thomas Quiney, a vintner of Stratford, by whom she had three children; but none of them reached their twentieth year, and they left no posterity. Hence our poet's last lineal descendant was Lady Barnard, who was buried at Abingdon, February 17, 1669-70. Dr. Hall, her father, died November 25, 1635, and her mother July 11, 1649; and both were interred in Stratford church.

Our poet's house and lands continued in the possession of his descendants to the time of the Restoration, when they were repurchased by the Clopton family, the original proprietors. Sir Hugh Clopton, who was knighted by George I., modernised the residence by internal and external alterations, and in 1742, entertained Macklin, Garrick, and Dr. Delany under Shakspeare's mulberry-tree. By Sir

Hugh's executor it was sold to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire; who, if we may judge by his actions, felt no pride or pleasure in this charming retirement, no consciousness of being possessed of the sacred ground, which the Muses had consecrated to the memory of their favorite poet. The celebrated mulberry-tree, planted by Shakspeare's hand, became first an object of his dislike, because it subjected him to answer the frequent importunities of travellers, whose zeal might prompt them to visit it. In an evil hour the sacrilegious priest ordered the tree, then remarkably large and at its full growth, to be cut down; which was no sooner done, than it was cleft to pieces for fire-wood: this took place in 1756, to the great vexation, not only of the inhabitants, but of every admirer of our bard. The greater part of it was however soon after purchased by Mr. T. Sharp, watch-maker, of Stratford; who, well acquainted with the value set on it by the world, turned it much to his advantage, by converting every fragment into small boxes, goblets, tooth-pick cases, tobacco-stoppers, and numerous other articles. Nor did New Place long escape the destructive hand of Mr. Gastrell, who, being compelled to pay the monthly assessments towards the maintenance of the poor, some of which he expected to avoid because he resided part of the year at Lichfield, though his

servants continued in the house at Stratford during his absence;—in the heat of his anger declared, that house should never be assessed again; and to give his imprecation due effect, and wishing as it seems to be 'damn'd to everlasting fame,' the demolition of New Place soon followed; for in 1759 he razed the building to the ground, disposed of the materials, and left Stratford amidst the rage and curses of its inhabitants. Thus was the town deprived of one of its principal ornaments and most valued relics, by a man, who, had he been possessed of a true sense, and a veneration for the memory of our bard, would have rather preserved whatever particularly concerned their great and immortal owner, than ignorantly have trodden the ground which had been cultivated by the greatest genius in the world, without feeling those emotions which naturally arise in the breast of the generous enthusiast.

Many portraits have been engraved and published as likenesses of our author; but it is a lamentable and extraordinary fact, that there is no authority attached to one of them. The pedigree of each is defective, and even that in the title of the first folio edition of the author's works, which has been poetically extolled by Jonson, is so badly drawn and executed, that it cannot be considered a good likeness. Not so the monumental bust in Stratford church; for this appeals to our eyes and under-

standing with all the force of truth, and indeed has always been esteemed the most authentic and probable portrait of the poet. It was executed soon after his decease, and, according to credible tradition, was copied from a cast after nature.

In the present edition the text of Malone has been followed, as published under the superintendence of Mr. Boswell in the year 1821, in 21 volumes. The great superiority of this text over every other hitherto published is now generally acknowleged. By a careful collation of the early folio and quarto editions, and by a rigid adherence to the determination of admitting no reading unsupported by one or more of these early copies, unless where an absolute want of intelligibility from typographical carelessness compelled him to do so, Mr. Malone has succeeded in presenting us with as perfect a transcript of the words of Shakspeare as can reasonably be expected from any materials, of which we are at present in possession.

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

[EXTRACTED FROM REGISTRY OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.]

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c., decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent, in perfect health and memory (God be praised), do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following: that is to say—

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following: that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion, within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon, aforesaid, in

the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and, if she die within the said term, without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Harte; and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered

within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Harte, ——— Harte, and Michael Harte, five pounds a piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russel, Esq., five pounds; and to Francis Collins, of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent., thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent., twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence a piece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and

grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcome, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Black-Friars in London, near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and, after her decease, to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body lawfully issuing, one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be, and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses dis-

charged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, esq., and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof, and do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written,

By me, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRA. COLLINS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMLET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATTCOAT.

Probatum coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, Commissario, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii. A. D. 1616. *juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui. &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, &c. Susanna Hall alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur, &c.*

Banke del. Sterling sc.

SHAKSPEARE

Between Poetry & Painting.

DR. JOHNSON'S PREFACE

TO

SHAKSPEARE.

THAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honors due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment on consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honor past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised on principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared; and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favor. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers; so in the production of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavors. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision,

may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient and claim the privilege of an established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favor and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honors at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favor of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakspeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his

readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but on small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently

determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

On every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence on the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence

or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectation of human affairs from the play or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful: the event which he represents will not happen; but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgments on narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but

he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to show a usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power on kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds: a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies; but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of tragedy and comedy, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different authors have different habitudes; and that, on the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us; and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce and regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' than in the history of 'Richard the Second.' But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakspeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakspeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of 'Hamlet' is opened without impropriety by two sentinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakspeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him: the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him on imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition; and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy, he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce without labor, what no labor can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic; but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half in manners or in words. As his personages act on principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable: the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dies, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passions are the colors of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance that combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is con-

tinually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life; among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better: those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote; and among his other excellences deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakspeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth on the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakspeare with his excellences has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall show them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretentions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candor higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of

the evil in books or in men: he sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without farther care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them; and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force on him; and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labor to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard or distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense, not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavored, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies.

Shakspeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology; for in the same age, Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his 'Arcadia,' confounded the pastoral with the feudal times; the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine: the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labor is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumor, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution; and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakspeare found it an encumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavored to recommend it by dignity and splendor.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature: when he en-

deavored, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldly sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject: he struggles with it awhile, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow on it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtile, or the image always great where the line is bulky: the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakspeare, what luminous vapors are to the traveller: he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of the way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisitions, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchanting it in suspense, let but a quibble spring

up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favor, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring on him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws: nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue, regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavor to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature; but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in

other poets there is much talk that only fills up time on the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shown no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him: he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be

false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation: if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended: the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts: for, of so much of the action as is re-

presented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus: we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited, with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart, is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction: if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade,

or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of 'Henry the Fifth,' yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humor of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety; I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive become the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire.—

Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me: before such authorities I am afraid to stand; not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shown, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frighted at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their

approbation to the judgment of Shakspeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the inquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how highly he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship; to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of Shakspeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that

which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out on adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. 'The Death of Arthur' was the favorite volume.

The mind which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, on the admirers of 'Palmerin' and 'Guy of Warwick,' have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions; and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of 'As You Like It,' which is supposed to be copied from Chaucer's 'Gamelyn,' was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of 'Hamlet' in plain English prose, which the critics have now to seek in Saxo Grammaticus.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's Lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded

with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seised by the tragedies of Shakspeare than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear; but returns, as it declines from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labors were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder that our author's extravagances are endured by a nation which has seen the tragedy of 'Cato.' Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare of men. We find in 'Cato' innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions: we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but 'Othello' is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. 'Cato' affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious; but its hopes and fears communicate no

vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer: we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness: Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakspeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastic education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakspeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that 'he had small Latin, and less Greek;' who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakspeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation,

and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important sentence, 'Go before, I'll follow,' we read a translation of, *I præ, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule: he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication; and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The 'Comedy of Errors' is confessedly taken from the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of 'Romeo and Juliet,' he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other hand proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then in high esteem, I am inclined to believe that

he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakspeare, must not be content to study him in the closet: he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is however proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topics of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character not dialogue were yet understood. Shakspeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that 'perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know,' says he, 'the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.' But the power of nature is only the power of

using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakspeare, however favored by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he could increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakspeare must have looked on mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which showed life in its native colors.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those inquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtility, were yet unattempted. The tale, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet: he that

would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself on his high birth, because it favored his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakspeare had no such advantage: he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favorable to thought or to inquiry; so many, that he who considers them, is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned: the encumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, 'as dew-drops from a lion's mane.'

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity, to mark them by nice distinctions, and to show them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must

take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowleged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakspeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shows plainly that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind: the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakspeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty on his age or country. The form, the character, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. 'He seems,' says Dennis, 'to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trisyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.'

I know not whether this phrase is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critic rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in 'Gorboduc,' which is confessedly before our author; yet in 'Hieronymo,' of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to

antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavors indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigor of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better than when he tries to soothe by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe everything to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes on his graces, and turn them from his deformities; and endure in him what we should in another loathe or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which show that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honor.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence; but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection: when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakspeare, rise much above the standard of their own age: to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise; and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labor of contending with themselves.

It does not appear that Shakspeare thought his works

worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute on future times, or had any farther prospect than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honor from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask; by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little 'declined into the vale of years, before he could be disgusted with fatigue or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakspeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, their negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shown. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little farther. Had the author published his own works, we should have sat

quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes The style of Shakspeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them: they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches, and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our author's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgement, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self-congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

As of the other editors I have preserved the prefaces, I have likewise borrowed the author's life from Rowe, though

not written with much elegance or spirit: it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true state of Shakspeare's text, showed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own: the plays which he received, were given by Hemings and Condel, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakspeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This was a work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of 'the dull duty of an editor.' He understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critic would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast

of thought and turn of expression. Such must be his knowlege, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations; and he was so much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he passed the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost: his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his author, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by Theobald a man of narrow comprehension and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendor of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be trusted without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the first two folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyric in which he celebrated himself for his achievement. The exuberant excrescence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequ ntly concealed; but I have in some places shown him, as he would have shown himself, for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking: so willingly does the world support those who solicit favor, against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our author then fell into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which despatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions seems to have been large; and he is often learned without show. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar what he could not be sure that his author intended to be grammatical. Shakspeare regarded more the series of ideas, than of words; and his language, not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measure reformed in so many passages, by the silent labors of some editors, with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little farther the license, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But, by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labor of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence, indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald; he seems not to suspect a critic of fallibility, and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful inquiry and diligent consideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example; nor very solicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardor of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labor only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author

more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just, and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those, against which the general voice of the public has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose, the author himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part I have censured without reserve, but I am sure without bitterness of malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.

It is no pleasure to me, in revising my volumes, to observe how much paper is wasted in confutation. Whoever considers the revolutions of learning, and the various questions of greater or less importance, on which wit and reason have exercised their powers, must lament the unsuccessfulness of inquiry, and the slow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labor of every writer is only the destruction of those that went before him. The first care of the builder of a new system, is to demolish the fabrics which are standing. The chief desire of him that comments an author, is to show how much other commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progress: thus sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invasion. The tide of seeming knowledge, which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren: the sudden meteors of intelligence, which for awhile appear to shoot their beams into the regions of obscurity, on a sudden withdraw their lustre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by critics and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. 'How canst thou beg for life,' says Homer's hero to his captive, 'when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles?'

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamor too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of 'The Canons of Criticism,' and of 'The Revisal of Shakspeare's Text:' of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance. suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that 'girls with spits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle;' when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in Macbeth:

> A falcon, towering in his pride of place,
> Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and one a scholar. They have both shown acuteness sufficient in the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candor to the endeavors of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, 'Critical Observations on Shakspeare' had been published by Mr. Upton, a man skilled in languages, and acquainted with books; but who seems to have had no great vigor of genius or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful; but he likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the rage of emendation, though his ardor is ill seconded by his skill. Every cold empiric, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator at some unlucky moment frolics in conjecture.

Critical, historical, and explanatory Notes, have been likewise published on Shakspeare by Dr. Grey, whose diligent perusal of the old English writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed; but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavor to imitate his modesty, who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left Shakspeare without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author; and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach on the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honor, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant; for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute: the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candor, which they

have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty, nor favor the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But whether it be, that 'small things make mean men proud,' and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politics against those whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written, are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right; at least, I intend by acquiescence to confess that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labors of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number

of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavored to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved; and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many, who before were frighted from perusing him; and contributed something to the public, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

The complete explanation of an author not systematic and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. All personal reflections, when names are suppressed, must be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated; and customs, too minute to attract the notice of law, such as modes of dress, formalities of conversation, rules of visits, disposition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are so fugitive and unsubstantial, that they are not easily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers, perused commonly with some other view. Of this knowledge every man has some, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the public attention, those who can add any thing to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to resign many passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short remarks, or marginal directions, such as every editor has added

at his will; and often by comments more laborious than the matter will seem to deserve: but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obscured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicial observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I gave this part of my design to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table-book. Some initiation is however necessary: of all skill, part is infused by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore shown so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To the end of most plays I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any effectation of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined; and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has labored with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages, to which the public attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of Shakspeare.

That many passages have passed in a state of depravation through all the editions is indubitably certain: of these the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labors of every publisher I have advanced into the text; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported; some I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the notes without censure or approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I could supply their omissions. I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindness put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I soon found that the later publishers, with all their boasts of diligence, suffered many passages to stand unauthorised, and contented themselves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. These corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the history of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preserved by keeping the text of authors free from adulteration. Others, and those very fre-

quent, smoothed and cadence, or regulated the measure; on these I have not exercised the same rigor: if only a word was transposed, or a particle inserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the line to stand; for the inconstancy of the copies is such, as that some liberties may be easily permitted. But this practice I have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reason be preferred.

The emendations, which comparison of copies supplied, I have inserted in the text; sometimes, where the improvement was slight, without notice, and sometimes with an account of the reasons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense: for though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity.

Such criticism I have attempted to practise, and where any passage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavored to discover how it may be recalled to sense with least violence. But my first labor is, always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice, through which light can find its way; nor would Huetius himself condemn me, as refusing the trouble of research for the ambition of alteration. In this modest industry I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued many lines from the violations of temerity, and secured many scenes from the inroads of cor-

rection. I have adopted the Roman sentiment, that it is more honorable to save a citizen than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preserved the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almost all the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play; but few, if any, of our author's compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakspeare knew, and this he practised; his plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass. This method would at once quell a thousand absurdities.

In restoring the author's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences? Whatever could be done by adjusting points, is therefore silently performed, in some plays with much diligence, in others with less: it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed on evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind on evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of slight effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing

trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles so much labor is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less, and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. On this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day increases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I have suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, and showing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading; then by proposing something, which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase; and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity and genuine criticism.

All this may be done, and perhaps done sometimes without impropriety. But I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and

the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labor appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticism, *quod dubitas ne feceris.*

To dread the shore which he sees spread with wrecks, is natural to the sailor. I had before my eye so many critical adventures ending in miscarriage, that caution was forced on me. I encountered in every page wit struggling with its own sophistry, and learning confused by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to censure those whom I admired; and could not but reflect, while I was dispossessing their emendations, how soon the same fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by some other editor defended and established.

> Critics I saw, that others' names efface,
> And fix their own, with labor, in the place:
> Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
> Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. POPE.

That a conjectural critic should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himself, if it be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention; and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the bishop of Aleria to English Bentley. The critics on ancient authors have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistances, which the editor of Shakspeare is condemned to want. They are employed on grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contributes so much to perspicuity, that Homer has fewer passages unintelligible than Chaucer. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet Scaliger could confess to Salmasius how little satisfaction his emendations gave him:—*Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And Lipsius could complain, that critics were making faults, by trying to remove them:—*Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, where mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipsius, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or Theobald's.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the public expectations, which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own: yet I have endeavored to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore; or obscure, which I have not endeavored to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the repulse. I have

not passed over, with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself; but where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning on easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done; or that, where others have said enough I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasures that the drama can give, read every play, from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable; and when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.

Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at last throws away the book which he has too diligently studied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been surveyed. There is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work in its full design and in its true proportions; a close approach shows the smaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this author's power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet

deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance or neglect could accumulate on him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his allusions understood; yet then did Dryden pronounce, 'that Shakspeare was the man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation; he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should want a commentary; that his language should become obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things: that which must happen to all, has happened to Shakspeare, by accident and time; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers; and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the critics of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.

Among these candidates of inferior fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the public; and wish that I could confidently

produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honor of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient; and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.

Of what has been performed in this revisal, an account is given by Mr. Steevens, who might have spoken both of his own diligence and sagacity in terms of greater self-approbation, without deviating from modesty or truth.

JOHNSON.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

BY

JOHN MILTON.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

TEMPEST.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF THE

TEMPEST.

No one has hitherto been fortunate enough to discover the romance, on which Shakspeare founded this play. Mr. Collins the poet is said indeed to have informed Mr. T. Warton, that it was founded on an old romance called 'Aurelio and Isabella,' printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English in 1588: but as no such work could be discovered by the acute and learned writer to whom this information was communicated, it was reasonably inferred by him, that Collins, in consequence of the failure of memory during his last illness, had substituted the name of one novel for another.

It seems probable, that the event, which immediately gave rise to the composition of this drama, was the voyage of Sir George Somers, who was shipwrecked on the Bermudas in 1609, and whose adventures were given to the public by Silvester Jourdan, one of his crew, with the following title:—'A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir Geo. Sommers, and Captayne Newport, and divers others.' In this publication Jourdan informs us, that 'the islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth, that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people; but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and inchanted place, affording nothing

but gusts, stormes, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the devil himselfe.' It has hence been concluded that this play was written towards the close of 1611, and that it was brought on the stage early in the succeeding year.

'Whatever might be Shakspeare's intention,' says Dr. Johnson, 'in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowlege of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.'

It is remarked by Dr. Drake, that 'the Tempest is, next to Macbeth, the noblest product of our author's genius. Never were the wild and the wonderful, the pathetic and the sublime, more artfully and gracefully combined with the sportive sallies of a playful imagination, than in this enchantingly attractive drama. Nor is it less remarkable, that all these excellences of the highest order are connected with a plot, which, in its mechanism, and in the preservation of the unities, is perfectly classical and correct.'

ARGUMENT.

Prospero, duke of Milan, being fond of study and retirement, entrusts the public business of the state to his younger brother Antonio, who secretly engages with Alonso, king of Naples, to hold Milan as a fief of the Neapolitan crown, in consideration of his assistance in dethroning his unsuspecting brother. Not daring to deprive Prospero of life, on account of his great popularity, the conspirators force him and his daughter Miranda, an infant three years old, into a crazy boat; and with a small supply of provisions abandon them to the fury of the elements. Being cast on a desert island, where no human creature is found but a savage named Caliban, Prospero studies the necromantic art with great success, and employs his leisure hours with the education of Miranda. About twelve years after these transactions, Alonso, having agreed to marry his daughter to the king of Tunis, conducts her to that country, accompanied by the usurping duke of Milan, and a numerous train. Having left the lady with her husband at Tunis they embark on their return to Naples; and the drama commences with a great tempest raised by Prospero, who, by the agency of a spirit named Ariel, wrecks the king's ship in such a manner, that none of the passengers are lost. Ferdinand, the king's son, is separated from his father, who supposes him drowned; while Prospero conducts him to his cell, where he and Miranda become mutually enamored. In the mean time, Alonso, Antonio, and their immediate followers, terrified by spectral illusions raised by the injured Duke, run distracted, till at length, Prospero, satisfied with making them sensible of their former guilt, and with the resumption of his dignity, generously remits farther punishment; extends his mercy to Caliban and his drunken companions, who had conspired to murder him; and, having restored Ferdinand to his disconsolate parent, abjures for ever the magic art, and proceeds to Naples to solemnise the nuptials of the youthful pair.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, king of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN, } lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.
TRINCULO, a jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
MASTER of a ship, BOATSWAIN, and MARINERS.

MIRANAD, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.
IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, } spirits.
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

TEMPEST

ACT I.

SCENE I.

On a ship at sea. A storm with thunder and lightning.

Enter a SHIPMASTER *and a* BOATSWAIN.

Mast. Boatswain,—

Boat. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely,[1] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter MARINERS.

Boat. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where 's the master? Play the men.[2]

---

[1] Readily, nimbly, quickly.

[2] Act with spirit, behave like men. So 2 Sam. x. 12. 'Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people.'

Boat. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boat. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boat. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boat. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,[1] we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. —Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt*

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

Boat. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower.

---

[1] Of the present instant. So in 1 Cor. xv. 6. 'Of whom the greater part remain unto this present.'

Romney del

Stirling sc.

TEMPEST

Prospero & Miranda before the cell of Prospero

Act I. Scene I.

lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*a cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boat. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boat. Lay her a-hold, a-hold;[1] set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter MARINERS *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boat. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

---

[1] To lay a ship a-hold, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea.

Ant. We are merely[1] cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapp'd rascal;—'Would thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!
Gon. He 'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut[2] him.
[*a confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!—

Ant. Let 's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let 's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,

---

[1] Absolutely. [2] Swallow.

Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er [1]
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There 's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better [2]
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,[3]
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle [4] with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,

---

[1] Before. So in our author's Cymbeline:—
——— or e'er I could
Give him that parting kiss.

[2] This ungrammatical expression is very frequent among our oldest writers.

[3] A cell in a great degree of poverty. So in Antony and Cleopatra,—'I am full sorry;' or, as we sometimes say, 'full well.'

[4] Mix. The modern and familiar phrase, by which that of Miranda may be explained, is, 'never entered my thoughts.'

And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[*lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue[1] of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as a hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.—Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition;[2]
Concluding, 'Stay, not yet.'

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out[3] three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off;

---

[1] The essence, the most efficacious part.
[2] Useless inquiry. [3] Quite.

And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm[1] of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess;—no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence;
Or blessed was 't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[2] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

---

[1] Abyss. [2] Sorrow.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he, whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state: as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash [1] for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or changed them,
Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

---

[1] To prune, cut away.

To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was, which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans[1] bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,[2]
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

---

[1] Without. [2] From being the substitute.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but[1] nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,[2]—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint[3]
That wrings mine eyes[4] to 't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon us; without the which, this story

---

[1] Otherwise than.
[2] In consideration of the foregoing.
[3] Suggestion. [4] Squeezes the water out of them.

Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,[1] they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd[2] the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach,[3] to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.

---

[1] In short. [2] Covered. [3] A stubborn resolution.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence,
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,

Hamilton del. Starling sc.

TEMPEST

Prospero Miranda & Ariel

Act I. Scene II

And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.
[*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.[1]
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist,[2] the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: Sometimes I 'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

---

[1] All his confederates; all who are of the same profession.
[2] The part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[1]
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,[2] and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'
Pro. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.[3]
Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

---

[1] Bustle, tumult.
[2] Not a soul but felt such a fever as madmen feel, when the frantic fit is on them.
[3] Folded.

Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,[1] there she 's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[2]
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there 's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and now,
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service:

---

[1] Bermudas. [2] Wave.

Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.[1]

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

---

[1] Algiers.

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[1] she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honor'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

---

[1] Commands.

Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprighting[1] gently.
Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea; be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't; go, hence, with diligence.
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss[2] him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices

---

[1] My office of a spirit. [2] Do without.

TEMPEST

Prospero, Miranda, Caliban, Ferdinand

Act I. Scene II

That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak!

Cal. [*within*] There 's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there 's other business for thee;
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[1]
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

---

[1] Hedge-hogs, which were reckoned among the animals used by witches as their familiar spirits.

This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done.
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,

Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid[1] you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar;
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[2]
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit Caliban.*

---

[1] Destroy. [2] Setebos was supreme god of the Patagonians.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist [1])
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
BUR. *Bowgh, wowgh.* [*dispersedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
BUR. *Bowgh, wowgh.* [*dispersedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,

---

[1] The wild waves bei

But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[Burn. *ding-dong.*
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:[1]—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he 's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess

---

[1] Owns.

On whom these airs attend! — Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control[1] thee.
If now 'twere fit to do 't:—At the first sight [*aside.*
They have changed eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;

---

[1] Confute.

I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest[1] not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pro. Follow me.—[*to Fer.*
Speak not you for him: he 's a traitor.—Come.
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks

---

[1] Possessest.

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*he draws.*

Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.[1]

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[2]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. 'Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition

---

[1] Formidable.

[2] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence.

To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*to Fer.*

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigor in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*to Fer. and Mir.*
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*to Ariel.*

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe[1]
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,[2] and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One:——Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

---

[1] The cause that fills our minds with grief.
[2] Owners of a merchant-ship.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pry'thee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you 've paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[1]

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

---

[1] Temperature.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.

Gon. How lush[1] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green[2] in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)——

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

---

[1] Juicy, succulent. [2] Shade of green.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[1]

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

---

[1] Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.[1]

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he 's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

---

[1] Degree or quality.

But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she 'd bow.[1] We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault 's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir.
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He 'd sow it with nettle-seed.

---

[1] Whether she should yield to duty or inclination.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit, no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[1]
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon,[2] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

---

[1] Rack. [2] Plenty.

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T'was you we laughed at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.[1]

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*all sleep but Alon. Seb. and Ant.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find

---

[1] Bird-catching in the night time.

They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.—
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion[1] speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

---

[1] Opportu

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles [1] thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! [2] Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

---

[1] If you bestow attention, it will in the end make you thrice what you are.

[2] How, in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded
(For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son 's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he 's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He 's gone.
Ant. Then tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwels
Ten leagues beyond man's life;[1] she that from Naples
Can have no note,[2] unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon 's too slow) till new-born chins

---

[1] At a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach. [2] Notice, information.

Be rough and razorable: she, from whom[1]
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that, destiny to perform an act,
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.[2]

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?'—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo: I myself could make
A chough[3] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content

---

[1] In coming from whom.
[2] Depends on what you and I are to perform.
[3] A bird of the jackdaw kind.

Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater[1] than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience,—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead:
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye[2] might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion,[3] as a cat laps milk,
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,

---

[1] Much more elegant. [2] For ever.
[3] Any hint.

I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stro
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st
And I, the king, shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*they converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[*sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*they wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What 's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That 's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let 's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done: [*aside.*
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,

And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe[1] and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I 'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard[2] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. —What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of

[1] Make mouths. [2] A leathern flagon to hold beer.

silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man, and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[1] there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea;
Here shall I die a-shore;—
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here 's my comfort. [*drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go, hang:'
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: but here 's my comfort. [*drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me. O!

---

[1] The coarse frock or

Ste. What 's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me. O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs · who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat;[1]

---

[1] Alluding to an old proverb, that 'good liquor will make a cat speak.'

open your mouth: this will shake your shaking,[1] I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who 's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—But he is drowned, and these are devils. O! defend me!——

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come, ——Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,——

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.[2]

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo: be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I 'll pull thee by the lesser legs:[3] if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed. How camest thou to be the siege[4] of this moon-calf?[5] Can he vent Trinculos?

---

[1] Dispel your fears.

[2] Alluding to the proverb, 'a long spoon to eat with the devil.'

[3] Trinculo's legs were somewhat shorter than those of Caliban.

[4] Stool.

[5] A moon-calf is an inanimate, shapeless mass, supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only.

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? Swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.[1]

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.[2]

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster. The man i' the moon?—a most poor, credulous monster. Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink:
An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

---

[1] Formerly.

[2] It was a popular legend, that in the moon's circle could be seen a man, bearing a bundle of sticks, or bush, and leading a dog.

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;[1]
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet;[2] I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds; and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells[3] from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. 'Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.' [*sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
Ban Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

---

[1] Earth-nuts. [2] A small monkey. [3] Sea-gulls.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and their labor
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed;
And he 's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Hamilton Ad

TEMPEST

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mir. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He 's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Mir You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda :—O my father,
I have broke your hest[1] to say so!
Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,[2]
And put it to the foil:[3] But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless are created
Of every creature's best.[4]
Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

---

[1] Command. [2] Possessed.
[3] Made it doubtful whether the virtue or the defect preponderated.
[4] Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.[1] Hear my soul speak:—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else[2] i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

---

[1] Swell and inflame my mouth. [2] Of aught else.

The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand,

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.[1]

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him: he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed[2] fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

---

[1] Meaning, he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. [2] Debauched.

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural![1]

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree ——. The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*to Caliban.*] Proceed.

---

[1] Fool.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou darest;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied[1] ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes[2] are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

---

[1] Parti-colored, in allusion to the striped coat worn by Trinculo, as a jester. [2] Springs.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand[1] with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a non-pareil: I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;

---

[1] Throat.

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry: I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund. Will you troll[1] the catch
You taught me but while-ere?[2]

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo; let us sing. [*sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

---

[1] Sing with spirit, dismiss it trippingly from the tongue.
[2] A short time since.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let 's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow. I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO. ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By 'r lakin,[1] I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders![2] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
[*aside to Sebastian.*
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not nor cannot use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

---

[1] By our lady. [2] Through straight and crooked paths.

Seb. I say, to night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery.[1] Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes,[2] these are people of the island)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

---

[1] Pageant. [2] Certainly.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*aside.*
Alon. I cannot too much muse,[1]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pro. Praise in departing. [*aside.*
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts?[2] which now we find,
Each putter out of one for five will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel

---

[1] Wonder.
[2] 'The Blemmyi have no heads, but mouth and eyes in their breasts.'—Plin. Hist. Nat. book vi. chap. 8.

The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the tabl , and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't)[1] the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*seeing Alon. Seb. &c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valor, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[2] that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,

---

[1] That makes use of this world, and every thing in it, as its instruments to bring about its ends. [2] Feather.

Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed,
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the sea and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear[1] life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,[2] *and carry out the table.*

Pro. [*aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,[3]
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit

---

[1] Pure, blameless. [2] Making mouths, or wry faces.
[3] With exact representation of their several characters: so we say, 'acted to the life.'

Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd;
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit Prospero from above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass[1] my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[2]
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Told it me in a rough bass sound.
[2] Alienation of mind.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends: for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,[1]
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely[2] stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[3] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,

---

[1] A fibre or portion of myself. [2] To admiration.
[3] Sprinkling.

Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion [1]
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her: she is thine own.
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,[2]
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

---

[1] Temptation. [2] The crew of meaner spirits.

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come and go,
And breathe twice, and cry, So, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,[1]
Will be here with mop and mowe.[2]
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,[3]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*soft music.*

A masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[4] them to keep;

---

[1] So in Milton's L'Allegro, v. 33.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

[2] Making mouths or wry faces.

[3] More than are sufficient. [4] Coarse hay.

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,[1]
Which spongy April at thy hest[2] betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn;[3] thy pole-clipt vineyard;[4]
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;[5]
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky[6] acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;

---

[1] It is conjectured that by 'pioned and twilled brims Shakspeare meant banks fringed with pionies and thickly-matted grass, resembling the stuff called twilled cloth, in which the cords appear closely twisted together.

[2] Command. [3] Forsaken of his mistress.

[4] The pole embraced by the vines. [5] With vigor.

[6] Woody.

Wright del. Starling sc.

TEMPEST

Prospero, Ferdinand, Miranda, &c.

Act IV. Scene I.

And some donation freely to estate[1]
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis[2] my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again:
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honor'd in their issue.

---

[1] Bestow. [2] Pluto.

SONG.

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing;
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison[1] plenty;
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clustering bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you.;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd[2] father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering brooks,
With your sedged crowns, and ever-harmless looks.

---

[1] Abundance. [2] Able to produce such wonders

Leave your crisp[1] channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited: they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [*aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*to the spirits.*] Well done;—avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:

---

[1] Curling, winding.

Our revels now are ended; these our actors
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,[1]
Leave not a rack[2] behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—
Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd.

---

[1] Vanished.
[2] The last fleeting vestige of the highest clouds.

Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valor, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss,[1] and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale[2] to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Ex. it.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture[3] can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;

---

[1] A kind of low furze. [2] Bait. [3] Education.

And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all.

Re-enter ARIEL *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack[1] with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,——

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still:
Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,——

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

---

[1] Jack with a lantern.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here?
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye[1] thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:[2]—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I 'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let it alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.[3]

---

[1] For ever. [2] A shop for the sale of old clothes.
[3] 'An allusion to what often happens to people who pass

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level,' is an excellent pass of pate;[1] there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime[2] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles,[3] or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark! [*Cal. Ste. and Trin. are driven out.*

---

the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them lose their hair.' Edwards' Mss.

[1] A happy turn of thought. [2] Bird-lime.

[3] A barnacle is a kind of shell-fish, which sticks to the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become a Scottish goose.

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies.
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.[1] How 's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confined together

---

[1] Time brings forward all the expected events without faultering under his burden.

In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends[1] your cell:
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimfull of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo;'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves[2] of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,

---

[1] Defends from bad weather. [2] Thatches.

And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be [1]) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs [2] pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth.

---

[1] Though you possess these supernatural powers but in a low degree. [2] The longest roots.

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I 'll drown my book. [*solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO. *They all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.——
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou 'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature;[1] who, with Sebastian,

[1] Tenderness of heart, and natural affection.

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[*Exit Ariel.*
I will disease me,[1] and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch. When owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so,—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,

[1] Strip off my magic garments.

Being awake, enforce them to this place:
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er[1] your pulse twice beat. [*Exit Ariel.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful[2] country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r[3] thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honor cannot
Be measured or confined.

---

[1] Before. [2] Frightful. [3] Whether.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*aside to Seb. and Ant.*
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I 'll tell no tales.
Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*aside.*
Pro. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am woe[1] for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,

---

[1] Sorry.

For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; [1] and, portable [2]
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! That they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,[3]
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely,
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this:
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,

---

[1] My loss is as great as yours, and has happened to me as lately. [2] Bearable.
[3] Are so much surprised at this meeting.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Act V. Scene 2

Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir:
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play,
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.
[*Ferdinand kneels to Alonso.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in 't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she 's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she 's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that 's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.[1]

Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To Fer. and Mir.*
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be 't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* MASTER *and* BOATSWAIN *amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boat. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company: the next, our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare,[2] and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

---

[1] In his senses [2] Ready.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. [*aside.*
Pro. My tricksy[1] spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boat. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead on sleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was 't well done?
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. [*aside.*

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct[2] of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowlege.

Pro. Sir, my liege,

---

[1] Clever, adroit. [2] Conductor.

Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you[1]
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit:
[*aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio![2] bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them

---

[1] I will relate to you circumstantially.
[2] Exclamation of encouragement.

Is a plain fish,[1] and, no doubt, marketable

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true.[2] This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong,
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.[3]
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he 's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowlege mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?[4]
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

---

[1] Is evidently a fish. [2] Honest.

[3] Sycorax could control the moon, and act as her vicegerent, without being commissioned by her so to do.

[4] Arrayed them in glittering apparel.

Pro. You 'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*pointing to Caliban.*
Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
as I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Pro. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt Cal. Ste. and Trin.*
Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I 'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I 'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnised;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life. which must

Take the ear strangely.[1]

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. My Ariel! chick!
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! [*aside.*] Please you,
draw near. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Which must needs be interesting.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[1]
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

---

[1] By your applause. Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Mr. Steevens conjectures that some of the incidents of this play were taken by Shakspeare from the Arcadia, book i. chap. 6. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots; to which tale the adventures of Valentine with the outlaws, in this drama, bear a striking resemblance. But however this question may be disposed of, there can be little doubt that the episode of Felismena, in the Diana of George of Montemayor, a romance translated from the Spanish, and published in the year 1598, was the source whence the principal part of the plot of the Two Gentlemen of Verona has been derived. The story of Proteus and Julia, in this play, closely corresponds with its prototype; and in several passages the dramatist has copied the very language of the pastoral.

The authenticity of this drama has been disputed by Hanmer, Theobald, and Upton, who condemn it as a very inferior production: but Dr. Johnson, in ascribing it to the pen of Shakspeare, asks, 'if it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given?' justly remarking, that 'it will be found more credible that Shakspeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest.' 'It is observable,' says Pope, 'that the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected,

than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote.'

Dr. Johnson remarks, that 'in this play there is a strange mixture of knowlege and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more: he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered and sometimes forgot.'—'When I read this play,' adds the same writer, 'I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life; but it abounds in γνῶμαι beyond most of his plays; and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful.'

ARGUMENT.

A young gentleman of Verona, named Valentine, after taking leave of his friend Proteus, visits the court of Milan, where he becomes captivated by the charms of Silvia, the duke's daughter, who secretly favors his addresses, in preference to those of a rich suitor provided by her father. In the mean time, Proteus, who had become enamored of Julia, a Veronese lady, successfully prosecutes his suit, and obtains from his mistress assurances of mutual regard. The satisfaction of these lovers is soon interrupted by the young gentleman's father, who, ignorant of his son's attachment, is anxious to send him to Milan, where Valentine still resides. After quitting Julia with professions of unalterable constancy, Proteus joins his friend, who receives him with the utmost tenderness; confides to him the secret of his love; and, having introduced him into the presence of Silvia, informs him of his intended elopement with her: but he has soon reason to repent his misplaced confidence; for Proteus, who by this time had forgotten his former vows, and was resolved to supplant Valentine, treacherously informs the duke of his daughter's purposed flight, which procures the banishment of Valentine and the imprisonment of Silvia. During this period, Julia, unable to endure the absence of her lover, travels to Milan in the disguise of a youth, and contrives to hire herself as a page to Proteus, whose perfidy she soon discovers. Silvia soon after effects her escape from confinement, but is overtaken in a forest by Proteus, who endeavors to obtain her consent by threats of violence, when she is unexpectedly rescued by Valentine, whose life had recently been spared by a band of outlaws settled here, on condition of becoming their leader. The remonstrances of Valentine awaken the remorse of Proteus: he entreats forgiveness, which is readily granted him; and Julia, having discovered herself, is united to her lover; while the duke, after pardoning the outlaws and recalling them from exile, willingly consents to the nuptials of his daughter with Valentine.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Milan, father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } gentlemen of Verona.
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, servant to Proteus.
PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.
HOST, where Julia lodges in Milan.
OUTLAWS.

JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.
SILVIA, the duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine.
LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Were 't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.[1]
But, since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,

---

[1] Idleness, which prevents the giving any form or character to the manners.

If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I 'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love;
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[1]

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance,[2] I fear, you 'll prove.

---

[1] Do not make a laughing-stock of me. A proverbial expression, deriving its origin from a humorous punishment at harvest-home feasts.

[2] Circumstance is used equivocally: it here means conduct; in the preceding line, circumstantial deduction.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say; as in the sweetest bud,
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say; as the most forward bud,
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road[1]
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend,
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!
[*Exit Valentine.*

Pro. He after honor hunts, I after love:

---

[1] At the haven where ships anchor.

He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou

for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee; therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

[*Speed nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief. What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me;[1] in requital whereof, henceforth

[1] Given me a sixpence.

carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Garden of Julia's house.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle[1] encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow, simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

---

[1] Talk.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure[1] thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,——of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that 's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'To Julia,'—
Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

---

[1] Pass sentence.

Jul. Say, say: who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker![1]
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; see it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say No, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, Ay.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

---

[1] A match-maker.

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach[1] on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is 't that you
Took up so gingerly?[2]
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

---

[1] Passion. [2] So cautiously.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible :
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'[1]

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:[2]
There wanteth but a mean[3] to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.[4]

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil[5] with protestation!— [*tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange;[6] but she would be best pleased

---

[1] An old tune, frequently alluded to by the ancient dramatists. [2] Variations.

[3] The tenor in music.

[4] I take pains to make you a captive to Proteus' passion.

[5] Tumult. [6] She affects this distance of behaviour.

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—'kind Julia;'—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—'love-wounded Proteus:'—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;'—that I 'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith[1] so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

---

[1] Since.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up[1] for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.[2]
Jul. I see, you have a month's mind[3] to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will 't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Antonio's house.

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,

---

[1] Chidden. [2] Lest they should catch cold.
[3] A lingering desire.

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment[1] to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

---

[1] Reproach, imputation.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,

And daily graced by the emperor,
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted[1] with his wish
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[2] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love:
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

---

[1] Joined. [2] Allowance.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
  The uncertain glory of an April day:
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
  And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Milan. A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;[1] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.[2] You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that 's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but

---

[1] To 'take diet' was the phrase for being under regimen for a disease.

[2] About the feast of All Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes less comfortable.

you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favored, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favored.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favored.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

Speed. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion![1] O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

---

[1] Puppet-show.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. O, 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners. [*aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant,[1] to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly[2] done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*aside.*

---

[1] Lovers were called servants by their mistresses at the time when Shakspeare wrote. [2] Like a scholar.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it 's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labor;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit Silvia.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning[1] with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason.

---

[1] Discoursing.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.[1]

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—
All this I speak in print;[2] for in print I found it,—

---

[1] There is the conclusion of the matter.

[2] With exactness.

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Verona. A room in Julia's house.

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we 'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;

---

[1] Have compassion on me, though your mistress has none on you.

That tide will stay me longer than I should :
Julia, farewell.—What ! gone without a word ?
[*Exit Julia.*

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

Pro. Go ; I come, I come :—
Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping ; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear : he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog : a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting : why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it : This shoe is my father ;

—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; 'Father, your blessing;' now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood[1] woman;—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here 's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you 'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide?

---

[1] Wild, distracted.

Launce. Why, he that 's ty'd here ; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood ; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage ; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master ; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service ; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth ?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue ?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail ?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service :—and the tide. Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come, away, man ; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go ?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Milan. A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant,—

Val. Mistress ?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote[1] you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change color?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.[2]

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

---

[1] Observe. [2] Breathe the same air with you.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honor and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy

We have conversed, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:
I 'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:[1]
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

---

[1] Its reward.

Pro. I 'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*
Come, sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.*
Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you:
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, Love 's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,[1]
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[2]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

---

[1] No misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love. [2] The first or principal of women.

She shall be dignified with this high honor,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betrothed; nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road,[1] to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I 'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [*Exit Val.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,[2]
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,[3]
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture[4] I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,

---

[1] The haven where ships ride at anchor.

[2] Alluding to the figures made by witches, as representative, of those whom they designed to torment or destroy.

[3] On farther knowlege. [4] Her outside form.

There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A street.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot [1] be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

---

[1] Score, reckoning.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou,[1] that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

---

[1] What say'st thou to this circumstance?

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale[1] with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting[2] love, if thou hast sinn'd,

---

[1] Ales were merry-meetings instituted in country places.
[2] Sweet-tempting.

Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness Heaven, that made her fair?
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:[1]

Myself, who am his rival, being admitted to his counsel.

Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended[1] flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Verona. A room in Julia's house.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engraved,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honor, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?

---

[1] Intended.

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl, I 'll knit it up in silken strings,

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'[1]
Why, even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favor'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who 's displeased, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:

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[1] Hoop, which was formerly an appendage to female apparel.

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of the infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart:
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray Heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing[1] journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Longed-for.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Milan. An ante-room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.—
[*Exit Thurio.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favors
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim[1] might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[2]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed[3] at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.[4]

Duke. Upon mine honor, he shall never know

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[1] Guess. [2] Tempted. [3] Guessed. [4] Design.

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honorable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;

And, where[1] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,[2]
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why? the fools are mad, if left alone.

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[1] Whereas [2] Way.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, 'Get you gone,' she doth not mean, 'Away:'
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets,[1] but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me, where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,

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[1] Hinders.

That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn.

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I 'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What 's here—'To Silvia?'
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*reads.*

'My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts[1] in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them;
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

[1] The thoughts contained in my letter.

I curse myself, for[1] they are sent by me,
That they should harbor where their lord should be.
What 's here?
'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:'
'Tis so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son.[2])
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favors,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone; I will not hear thy vain excuse:
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit Duke.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;

---

[1] Since.

[2] Thou art not descended from Apollo, as Phaëton was; but art the son of an earthly parent. Merops was the husband of Clymene, the mother of Phaëton.

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,[1]
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:[2]
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair on 's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

---

[1] Cease to exist.

[2] By avoiding the execution of this sentence I shall not escape death.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already have possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there 's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd, O, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay, and she hath offer'd to the doom,

(Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word, that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:

Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs:
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave; but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips:[1] yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions.[2] Imprimis, 'She can fetch and carry:' why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, 'She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

---

[1] For she has had children. Gossips are the idle, tattling women who attend child-births. [2] Qualities.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news then in your paper.

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and saint Nicholas[1] be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, 'She can milk.'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, 'She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

---

[1] Saint Nicholas was said to preside over scholars.

Speed. Item, 'She can sew.'

Launce. That 's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, 'She can knit.'

Launce. What need a man care for a stock[1] with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?[2]

Speed. Item, 'She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, 'She can spin.'

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels,[3] when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, 'She hath many nameless virtues.'

Launce. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. 'Here follows her vices.'

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, 'She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, 'She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, 'She doth talk in her sleep.'

Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, 'She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her

---

[1] Dowry. [2] Stocking. [3] Defy the world

vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, 'She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, 'She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, 'She is curst.'

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, 'She will often praise her liquor.'[1]

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, 'She is too liberal.'[2]

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot; for that 's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I 'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, 'She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, 'She hath more hair than wit,—'

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be; I 'll

---

[1] Show how well she likes her liquor by drinking often.
[2] Licentious in discourse.

prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed.—'And more faults than hairs,—'

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed.—'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious.[1] Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him; for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

Graceful.

SCENE II.

The same. A room in the Duke s palace.

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched[1] in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect

[1] Cut.

The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance,[1] be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

---

[1] With the addition of such incidental particulars, as may induce belief.

She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:[1]
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her,[2] by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime,[3] to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay

---

[1] As you wind off her love from him, make me the bottom on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound on a central body, is a bottom of thread.

[2] Mould her, like wax, to whatever shape you please.

[3] Birdlime.

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:—[1]
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump;[2] the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.[3]

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort[4] some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

---

[1] Such a union of feeling and expression.
[2] Mournful elegy. [3] Will obtain possession of her.
[4] Choose out.

Pro. We 'll wait upon your grace, till after supper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.[1]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain OUTLAWS.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That 's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we 'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper[2] man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose,

---

[1] I will excuse you from waiting. [2] Well-looking.

A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourned there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

2 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?[1]

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[2]

---

[1] Languages.

[2] Robin Hood was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen.

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We 'll have him : sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them ;
It is an honorable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain !

2 *Out.* Tell us this : Have you any thing to take to ?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful [1] men :
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood,[2] I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives,
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
Witn goodly shape ; and by your own report
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality [3] much want :—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :
Are you content to be our general ?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

---

[1] Lawful. [2] Anger. [3] Profession.

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Milan. The court of the palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the color of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,[1]
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and musicians.*

Thu. How now, sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter HOST, *at a distance; and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

---

[1] Passionate reproaches and scoffs.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall.
Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*
Host. Hark! hark!
Jul. Is he among these?
Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:[1]
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.
Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.
Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.

---

[1] Beauty without kindness dies unenjoyed and undelighting.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would then have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.[1]

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside; the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear you not; I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and musicians.*

---

[1] Beyond all reckoning.

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good evening to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen :
Who is that, that spake ?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You 'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will ?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish ; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man !
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows ?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*aside.*

Sil. Say, that she be ; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betrothed; and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him of[1] thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*aside.*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*aside.*

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falshood shall become you well[2]
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

---

[1] With.

[2] But, since your falshood, it shall become you well, &c.

Host. By my halidom,[1] I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.[2]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Eg. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Eg. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Eg. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,[3]
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

---

[1] Holy dame.

[2] This use of the double superlative is frequent in our author.

[3] Injunction.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant, wise, remorseful,[1] well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for[2] the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Eg. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[3]
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,

---

[1] Compassionate. [2] Because. [3] Sorrows.

I give consent to go along with you:
Recking[1] as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Eg. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Eg. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master: and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,[2] and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself[3] in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog in-

---

[1] Caring. [2] Wooden plate. [3] Restrain himself.

deed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog,' says one; 'What cur is that? says another; 'Whip him out,' says the third 'Hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; ''twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale?[1] Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

[1] Hoop.

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant? [*to Launce.*
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel[1] was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say. Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that, still an end,[2] turns me to shame.
[*Exit Launce.*

---

[1] A diminutive animal, more resembling a squirrel in size than a dog. [2] At the conclusion of every business.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.[1]

Jul. It seems, you loved not her, to leave[2] her token:
She 's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

---

[1] She, who delivered it to me, loved me well.

[2] To part with.

This letter; that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber.
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit Proteus.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain,
To carry that, which I would have refused;
To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*picture brought.*

Go, give your master this. tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.——
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me:
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good.[1]
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;

---

[1] In good earnest.

Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse! I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture. Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire,[1] this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a color'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective[2] in myself,

---

[1] Head-dress. [2] Respectful or respectable.

If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, loved, and adored;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The same. An abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Eg. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes. Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Eg. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough.[1] [*Exeun*

SCENE II.

The same. A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says, it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*aside.*
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*aside.*

---

[1] Out of danger.

Thu. What says she to my valor?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*aside.*
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*aside.*
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an ass should owe[1] them. [*aside.*
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then she 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:

---

[1] Possess.

Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish[1] girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I 'll after; more to be revenged on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless[2] Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Frontiers of Mantua. The forest.

Enter SILVIA *and* OUTLAWS.

1 *Out.* Come, come; be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,

---

[1] Foolish. [2] Heedless.

But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than florishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record[1] my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

---

[1] Sing.

Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who 's this comes here?
[*steps aside.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would have forced your honor and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed,[1] but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*aside.*

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.

Jul And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender[2] to me as my soul;

---

[1] Reward. [2] Dear.

And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjured Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,[1]
When women cannot love where they 're beloved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love: force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;

---

[1] Experienced.

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; naught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most accursed!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here: I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [*faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what's the matter? look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see: why this is the ring I gave to Julia!

Jul. O, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook; this is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*shows another ring.*

Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

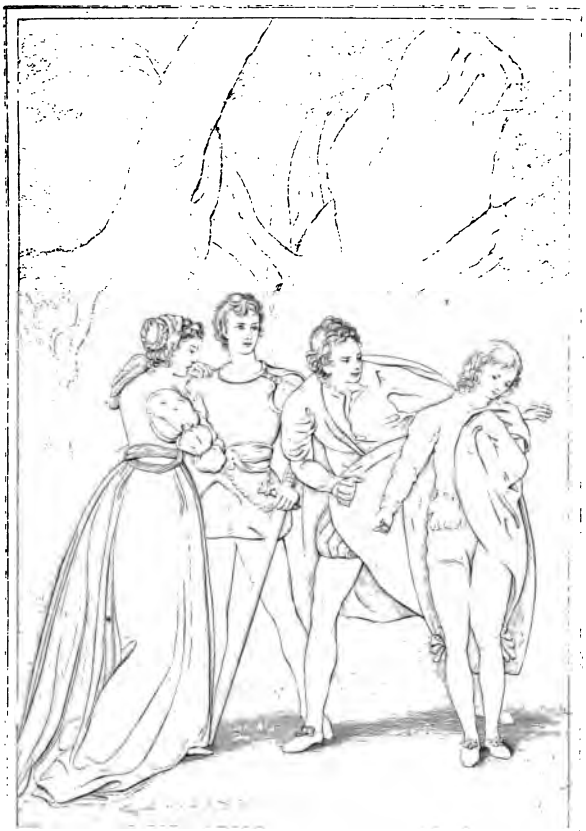
Jul. Behold her that gave aim [1] to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root! [2]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love: [3]
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

---

[1] Direction.

[2] Cleft the root of her heart. Here an allusion is made to cleaving the pin in archery.

[3] If it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love.



Stothard del Starling sc

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VER. [illegible]

Valentine Proteus Silvia & Julia.

Act V. Scene [illegible]

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close.
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter OUTLAWS, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.

Val. Thurio give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:[1]
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:

---

[1] The length of my sword.

Take but possession of her with a touch ;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I :
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not :
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means [1] for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honor of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,[2]
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead [3] a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived ;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace ; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities.
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile :
They are reformed, civil, full of good,

---

[1] Interest. [2] Grievances, wrongs.
[3] i. e. plead thou.

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include[1] all jars
With triumphs,[2] mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Conclude. [2] Masques and revels.

END OF VOL. I.

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. II.

[illegible] OF [illegible]

THE

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OF

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,

FROM DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

A. J. VALPY, A.M.,

FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

BELL & DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1878.

Setzer del. Sterling sc.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Mrs Page Mrs Ford & Falstaff

Act III. Scene III.

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Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!

BEN JONSON.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakspeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakspeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

POPE.

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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

An old translation of Il Pecorone, by Giovanni Florentino, is supposed to have furnished Shakspeare with some of the incidents of this comedy.

Mr. Rowe informs us, that Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of Henry IV. that she commanded our author to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love; a task, which he is said to have completed in a fortnight, to the admiration of his royal patroness, who was afterwards very well pleased at the representation. This information, it is probable, came originally from Dryden, who, from his intimacy with Sir William Davenant, had an opportunity of learning many particulars concerning Shakspeare. Mr. Chalmers has endeavored to set aside the general tradition relative to this comedy, but does not appear to have succeeded.

Speaking of this play, Dr. Johnson remarks, that 'no task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakspeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known;—that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love but

by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love; and his professions could be prompted, not by the love of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him: yet having, perhaps, in his former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

'This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than, perhaps, can be found in any other play. Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced on the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its success must be derived almost wholly from the player; but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despises it is unable to resist.

'The conduct of this drama is deficient: the action begins and ends often before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience: but its general power; that power, by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that, perhaps, it never yet had reader or spectator, who did not think it too soon at an end.'

Dr. Johnson conjectures that this play should be read between King Henry IV. Part 2d. and King Henry V. while Mr. Malone would place it between the First and Second Parts of King Henry IV.

ARGUMENT.

The vanity of sir John Falstaff having misinterpreted the hospitable attentions of two ladies at Windsor into an admiration for his person, he resolves to profit by his good fortune, but is betrayed by some discarded domestics, who revenge their dismissal by revealing their master's designs to the husbands of his mistresses. Page disregards the information altogether; while Ford, who had, for some time past, entertained unfounded suspicions of his wife's honor, resolves to ascertain the truth of the information. For this purpose, under the assumed name of Brook, he causes himself to be introduced to Falstaff, whom he artfully draws into the confession of an assignation which he had just before made with mistress Ford, who in the mean time had conspired with her friend to punish the knight for his infamous proposals. Ford, now supposing that he has sufficiently detected the infidelity of his wife, assembles his neighbors, in order to surprise Falstaff at the appointed interview: he is, however, conveyed away by the two wives in a basket with foul linen, and thrown into the Thames, where he narrowly escapes drowning. The suspicions of Ford are now somewhat abated; but when he again repairs to Falstaff as Brook, and learns the deception that has been practised on him, and the arrangements which have been made by his wife for a second visit from her admirer, his fury rekindles; he again solicits his friends to accompany him home, whence Falstaff is again conveyed in the disguise of an old witch, though not without suffering a severe cudgelling at the hands of the enraged Ford as a fortune-teller. A third assignation is now made with him in Windsor forest at midnight, where Falstaff, representing the spirit of a deceased huntsman, with horns on his head, is severely pinched by the accomplices of the plot, in the garb of fairies and hobgoblins; when the husbands, who are now made acquainted with the intention of their wives, rush from the place of their concealment; and, having sufficiently exposed and derided him, forgive him. The remainder of this comedy is occupied by the rivalry of Slender and Caius, for the hand of Page's daughter, who prefers a young gentleman named Fenton, whom she marries.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, a country justice.
Slender, cousin to Shallow.
Mr. Ford, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
Mr. Page, }
William Page, a boy, son to Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson.
Dr. Caius, a French physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph, }
Pistol, } followers of Falstaff.
Nym, }
Robin, page to Falstaff.
Simple, servant to Slender.
Rugby, servant to Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Anne Page, her daughter, in love with Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

Scene, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Windsor. Before Page's house.

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh,[1] persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber[2] matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*[3]

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum.*[4]

Slen. Av, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*;[5] in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

---

[1] It was the custom in ancient times to give the title of 'Sir' to certain orders of the clergy as well as to knights.

[2] Ben Jonson intimates, that the Star-chamber had a right to take cognisance of routs and riots.

[3] *Quorum.* Such a number of justices as is sufficient to transact business.

[4] *Custos rotulorum.*

[5] *Armiger*, esquire.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces [1] in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: [2] it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.[3]

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.[4]

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, per-lady; [5] if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council [6] shall hear it; it is a riot.

---

[1] Full-grown pikes or jacks. [2] By the way.

[3] Probably signifying, that this little animal deserts not man in his distress, but rather sticks closer to him in his adversity.

[4] 'That is, the fresh fish is the coat of an ancient family; and the salt fish is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the sea.'—Johnson. [5] By our lady.

[6] The court of Star-chamber.

Evans. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments [1] in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.[2]

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small [3] like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

---

[1] Take counsel. [2] A pretty maiden. [3] Soft, low.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities,[1] is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow; and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed.—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

---

[1] Expectations.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsall.[1]

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault.—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog. Can there be more said? he is good and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, master Page? He hath wronged me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you 'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

---

[1] Cotswold, in Glocestershire.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight:—I have done all this.—That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you 'll be laughed at.

Evans. *Pauca verba,* sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.[1]—Slender, I broke your head. What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching[2] rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese![3]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pis. How now, Mephostophilus?[4]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;*[5] slice! that 's my humor.

Slen. Where 's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you! Now let us under-

---

[1] Worts was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind.

[2] Sharpers were called coney-catchers.

[3] Cheese consisting of nothing but paring: in allusion to the thin carcase of Slender.

[4] The name of a familiar spirit in the old story of Doctor Faustus.

[5] Few words.

stand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'orke upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,——

Pis. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear?' Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences,[1] and two Edward shovel-boards,[2] that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pis. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,

---

[1] Mill-sixpences were used by way of counters to cast up money.

[2] The broad shillings of Edward the Sixth, much used in the game of shuffle-board.

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo : [1]
Word of denial in thy labras [2] here ;
Word of denial : froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised,[3] sir, and pass good humors : I will say, 'marry trap' with you,[4] if you run the nuthook's humor on me ; [5] that is the very note [6] of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it : for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John ? [7]

Bar. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses : fie, what the ignorance is !

Bar. And being fap,[8] sir, was, as they say, cashiered ; and so conclusions passed the careires.[9]

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too ; but 'tis no matter : I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick : if I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

---

[1] This blade as thin as a lath. Latten is a mixed metal, made of copper and calamine. [2] Lips.

[3] Cautious. [4] I will catch you in your own trap.

[5] If you say I am a thief. [6] Truth.

[7] In allusion to Bardolph's red face. [8] Drunk.

[9] 'And so, in the end, he reeled about with a circuitous motion, like a horse, passing a carier.'—Malone. 'To pass a carier' was a technical term, signifying running a career.

Evans. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE *with wine;* MRS. FORD *and* MRS. PAGE *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—— Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [*Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender, and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here.—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not The Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?[1]

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you.

---

[1] Allhallowmas is almost five weeks after Michaelmas. Shakspeare probably intended to blunder.

A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz. There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions,[1] master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there 's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;—therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

---

[1] Proposal.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable,[1] if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne.—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

---

[1] Positively.

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Sir H. Evans.*

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. —Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead. But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I 'faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, (three veneys[1] for a dish of stewed prunes) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

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[1] Three bouts or hits: a technical term.

Smirke del. Harding

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Anne Page. Slender & Simple.

Act I. Scene I.

Anne. I think, there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England.—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson[1] loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:[2]—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye,[3] you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

---

[1] The name of a bear, exhibited, in our author's time, at Paris Garden, in Southwark.

[2] It surpassed all description. [3] A popular adjuration.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I 'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet:——give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner: there 's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter.—

Host. What says my bully-rook?[1] speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar,[2] and Pheezar.[3] I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. Let me see thee froth, and lime:[4] I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade. An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bar. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[*Exit Bardolph.*

Pis. O base Gongarian[5] wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

---

[1] The latter part of this compound title is taken from the rooks at the game of chess.

[2] An emperor in Germany is named Keisar.

[3] Pheezar is a made word from 'pheeze,' i.e. to curry, to fleece. 'I 'll pheeze you,' says Sly to the hostess in The Taming of the Shrew.

[4] 'Frothing beer and liming sack were tricks practised in the time of Shakspeare: the first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing lime with the sack, to make it sparkle in the glass.'—Steevens.

[5] For Hungarian.

Nym. He was gotten in drink. Is not the humor conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humor of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is, to steal at a minute's rest.[1]

Pis. Convey, the wise it call. Steal! foh; a fico[2] for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pis. Why, then, let kibes[3] ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch;[4] I must shift.

Pis. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pis. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pis. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips[5] now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar

---

[1] When watchfulness is off its guard, and reposes but for a minute. [2] Fig. [3] Ulcerated chilblains.
[4] Cheat. [5] Taunts.

style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am sir John Falstaff's.'

Pis. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep:[1] will that humor pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.[2]

Pis. As many devils entertain;[3] and, 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humor rises; it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyliads:[4] sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pis. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humor.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater[5] to them both, and they shall be

---

[1] The scheme is well laid.

[2] A gold coin, impressed with an angel, rated at ten shillings.

[3] Do you retain in your service as many devils as she has angels.

[4] Eyelids.

[5] Escheatour, an officer in the Exchequer.

exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pis. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humor: here, take the humor-letter; I will keep the 'havior of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to Rob.*] bear you these letters tightly;[1]
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humor of this age
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*

Pis. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam[2] holds,
And high and low[3] beguile the rich and poor:
Tester I 'll have in pouch,[4] when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humors of revenge.

Pis. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pis. With wit, or steel?

---

[1] Cleverly, adroitly.
[2] Certain false dice known by the name of gourd and fullam
[3] Dice called high men and low men.
[4] Sixpence I 'll have in my pocket.

Nym. With both the humors, I: I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.

Pis. And I to Ford shall eke[1] unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humor shall not cool: I will incense[2] Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,[3] for the revolt of mien[4] is dangerous: that is my true humor.

Pis. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in Dr. Caius's house.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

Mrs. Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming; if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit Rugby.*

Mrs. Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no

---

[1] Likewise. [2] Instigate. [3] Jealousy.
[4] Change of countenance.

tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: [1] his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish [2] that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Mrs. Quick. And master Slender 's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Mrs. Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colored [3] beard.

Mrs. Quick. A softly-sprighted man,[4] is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall [5] a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Mrs. Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him. Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Mrs. Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

---

[1] No breeder of strife. [2] Foolish.
[3] Cain and Judas were represented with yellow beards in old tapestries and pictures. [4] A man of a mild disposition.
[5] Courageous.

Mrs. Quick. We shall all be shent.[1] Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—' and down, down, adown-a,' &c. [*sings.*

Enter DR. CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box. Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Mrs. Quick. Ay, forsooth, I 'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.[2] [*aside.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.

Mrs. Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; *Dépêche,* quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Mrs. Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

---

[1] Scolded, roughly treated.

[2] As angry as a man who has discovered the infidelity of his wife.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Mrs. Quick. Ah me! he 'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villany! *larron!* [*pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Mrs. Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Mrs. Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? Dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Mrs. Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic;[1] hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Mrs. Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Mrs. Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [*writes.*

Mrs. Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had

---

[1] Mistress Quickly probably means hasty.

Smirke del. Sterling sc.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Caius, Mrs Quickly, Simple & Rugby.

Act I Scene IV

been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Mrs. Quick. Are you avised[1] o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that 's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Mrs. Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—

---

[1] Informed.

by gar, I vill kill de Jack[1] priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon :—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Mrs. Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate. What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Mrs. Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fen. [*within.*] Who 's within there, ho?

Mrs. Quick. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fen. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Mrs. Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fen. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Mrs. Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I

[1] In our author's time Jack was a term of contempt.

can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

Fen. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Mrs. Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fen. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Mrs. Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest,[1] an honest maid as ever broke bread.—We had an hour's talk of that wart; and I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly[2] and musing. But for you—Well, go to.

Fen. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there 's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Mrs. Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon 't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

---

[1] Protest. [2] Melancholy.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Before Page's house.

Enter MRS. PAGE, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holyday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*reads.*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian,[1] he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked

[1] Though love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done. By precisian is meant one who pretends to extraordinary sanctity.

world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed[1] behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MRS. FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman: take the

[1] Heedless.

honor What is it?——dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!——These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.[1]

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:[2]—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking.[3] And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.[4] What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in

---

[1] These knights will hack, i. e. will become cheap and vulgar, and therefore I advise you not to sully your gentry by becoming one. [2] We have more proof than we want.

[3] Condition of body.

[4] A favorite tune in our author's time.

Peter Nicol Starling sc

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Mrs Ford & Mrs Page

Act II Scene I

this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition. He will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain[1] in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him: let 's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness

---

[1] Fault.

of our honesty.[1] O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he 's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*they retire.*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pis. Hope is a curtail dog[2] in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pis. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gally-mawfry;[3] Ford, perpend.[4]

Ford. Love my wife?

Pis. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pis. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

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[1] Caution which our honor requires.
[2] A dog that misses his game.
[3] A medley.
[4] Attend to my advice.

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—
Away, sir corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit Pistol.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: [*to Page.*] I like not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors: I should have borne the humored letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.[1] He loves your wife; there 's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu; I love not the humor of bread and cheese; and there 's the humor of it. Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*

Page. 'The humor of it,' quoth 'a! here 's a fellow frights humor out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,[2] though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow. Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

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[1] My sword shall bite when my need drives me to unlawful expedients.

[2] The Chinese, anciently called Cataians, were expert sharpers.

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets[1] in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You 'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*aside to Mrs. Ford.*

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Mrs. Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

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[1] Conceits.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head:[1] I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter HOST *and* SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou 'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice,[2] I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even,

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[1] In allusion to the cuckold's horns.

[2] Shallow was a justice of peace.

and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*they go aside.*

Shal. Will you [*to Page*] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go, An-heires?[1]

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

---

[1] 'Probably, Will you go, and hear us? —Malone

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made[1] there, I know not. Well, I will look farther into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: if I find her honest, I lose not my labor; if she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pis. Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.[2]

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated

---

[1] Did. [2] I will pay you again in stolen goods.

upon[1] my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow[2] Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy[3] of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall[4] fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honor, thou hadst it not.

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason. Think'st thou, I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng;[5]—to your manor of Pickt-hatch,[6] go.—You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honor!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honor precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce[7] your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases,[8] and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you?

---

[1] Importuned.

[2] He who draws along with you; i. e. is joined with you in all your knavery. [3] A pair. [4] Bold.

[5] Go, cut purses in a crowd.

[6] A place in Turnbull-street noted for pickpockets.

[7] Cover. [8] Your ale-house conversation.

Pis. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Mrs. Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Mrs. Quick. I 'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Mrs. Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Mrs. Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on. Mistress Ford, you say,——

Mrs. Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Mrs. Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Mrs. Quick. Why, sir, she 's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship 's a wanton. Well. Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Mrs. Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries,[1] as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant[2] terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;[3] but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she Mercury.

Mrs. Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter;

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[1] A mistake of Mrs. Quickly for quandary.
[2] Elegant. [3] Gentlemen pensioners.

for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Mrs. Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; —master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold[1] life with him, good heart!

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Mrs. Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think, you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Mrs. Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

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[1] Fretful, cross.

Mrs. Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves;[1] her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Mrs. Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word,[2] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there 's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Robin.*

Pis. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights;[3]

---

[1] By all means. [2] Watch-word.

[3] Fights, i. e. clothes hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy.

Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!
[*Exit Pistol.*

Fal. Say 'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I 'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bar. Sir John, there 's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bar. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!* [1]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir. Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You 're welcome. What 's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

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[1] A cant phrase of exultation.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you;[1] for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;——and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the

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[1] To put you to expense.

register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith[1] you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed[2] opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed,[3] I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

---

[1] Since. [2] Seized. [3] Reward.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,[1] authentic in your place and person, generally allowed[2] for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.[3]

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege[4] to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

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[1] Admitted into the best society. [2] Approved.
[3] Accomplishments. [4] A siege of love.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance[1] and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward[2] of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

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[1] Example. [2] Defence.

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor: they say, the jealous wittolly[1] knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there 's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night.—Ford 's a knave, and I will aggravate his style;[2] thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!——Amaimon

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[1] Wittol is a tame cuckold.

[2] I will add more titles to those he now enjoys.

sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold: the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ[1] bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour! —I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

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[1] Usquebaugh.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack: I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin,[1] to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant.[2] Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

---

[1] Thrust or lounge. [2] Terms in fencing.

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian[1] king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair[2] of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

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[1] Castilian is sometimes used for Spaniard in general.

[2] As we now say, 'against the grain.'

Host. Pardon, guest justice :—A word, monsieur Muck-water.[1]

Caius. Muck-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman.——Scurvy jack-dog-priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me: for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humor he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

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[1] The drain of a dunghill is called muck-water.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shall woo her. Cried game,[1] said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

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[1] True game; a cant phrase.

Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Evans. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard,[1] when I have good opportunities for the 'orke:—pless my soul! [*sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;[2]
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.[3]
To shallow———

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,[4]——
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow———

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Evans. He 's welcome:——

To shallow rivers, to whose falls———

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

---

[1] Head. [2] Pastoral songs.
[3] This is part of a beautiful little poem of Marlowe's.
[4] This is the first line of the 139th psalm.

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Evans. Pless you from his mercy ake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of[1] his own respect.

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[1] Forgetful of.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowlege in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. Pray you, use your patience. In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends·—I will

knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb,[1] for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host *de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so. ——Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.*

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[1] In allusion to the comb, resembling that of a cock, which licensed fools wore in their caps.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot[1] of us? ha, ha!

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall,[2] scurvy, cogging[3] companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart: he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

The street in Windsor.

Enter MRS. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you 'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page. Whither go you?

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[1] Fool. [2] Scabby. [3] Cheating.

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. —There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she 's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots! —they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty

from the so seeming[1] mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim.[2] [*clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I 'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar: and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton?

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[1] Specious. [2] Shall give encouragement.

he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday,[1] he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons;[2] he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having:[3] he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—— Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Slender.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit Host.*

---

[1] In a style superior to the vulgar.

[2] Alluding to an ancient custom among rustic swains, of wearing the flowers called bachelors' buttons in their pockets, and judging of their success in courtship, by their growing or not growing there.

[3] Of no estate or fortune.

Ford. [*aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance.[1] Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter MRS. FORD *and* MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket[2]—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters[3] in Datchet

---

[1] I will give him pipe-wine, which shall make him dance. Canary is the name of a dance as well as of a wine.

[2] Basket in which clothes are carried to the wash.

[3] Bleachers of linen.

mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket?[1] what news with you?

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent,[2] have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he 'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secresy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go, tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*

---

[1] Eyas-musket is a young, unfledged sparrow-hawk.
[2] A puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove cocks.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog,[1] I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I 'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.[2]

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor[3] to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semicircled farthingale.[4]

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[1] Flatter. [2] Fashion. [3] i. e. to thy own merit.
[4] Hoop.

I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time;[1] I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek[2] of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce[3] me behind the arras.[4]

---

[1] Bucklersbury, in our author's time, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry.
[2] Vapor. [3] Hide. [4] Tapestry.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she 's a very tattling woman.— [*Falstaff hides himself.*

Enter MRS. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What 's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What 's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what 's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband 's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey

him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather,' and 'you had rather;' your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking.[1] Or, it is whiting-time;[2] send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O, let me see 't! I 'll in, I 'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I 'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I 'll never—

[*he goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

---

[1] To the wash. [2] Bleaching-time.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.*] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly. Where 's the cowl-staff?[1] look, how you drumble:[2] carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Ser. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I 'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I 'll warrant, we 'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first:—so, now uncape.[3]

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[1] A staff used for carrying a large tub or basket, with two handles. [2] How stupid and confused you are!

[3] Unbag the fox.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Evans. This is fery fantastical humors, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Evans, Page, and Caius.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who [1] was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all of the same strain [2] were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion,

---

[1] What. [2] Disposition.

mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace.—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle,

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Evans. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Evans. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in Page's house.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

Fen. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fen. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots past, my wild societies,
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fen. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.
[*they converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MRS. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't:[1] slid, 'tis but venturing.

---

[1] A proverb, signifying 'I will put all to hazard.' The shaft was a long arrow employed by skilful archers; the bolt

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Mrs. Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
[*aside.*

Mrs. Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Glocestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,[1] under the degree of a squire.

---

a short, thick one. In this place the fool's bolt is probably alluded to.

[1] Come poor or rich to offer himself as my rival. 'According to the forest laws,' says Steevens, 'a man who had no right to the privilege of chase, was obliged to cut his dog, by depriving him of his tail. 'Cut and long-tail' therefore signify the dog of a clown and the dog of a gentleman.'

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I 'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that 's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven: I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions:[1] if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole![2] They can tell you how things go, better than I can. You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* MRS. PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender!—Love him, daughter Anne.—

---

[1] Proposals.

[2] A proverbial expression, frequent in Shakspeare; signifying here 'Happy may that man be whom you choose for a husband!'

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fen. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Mrs. Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fen. Good mistress Page, for[1] that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce,[2] against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colors of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Mrs. Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good master Fenton,

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[1] Because. [2] Of necessity.

I will not be your friend, nor enemy :
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected ;
'Till then, farewell, sir.—She must needs go in ;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Fen. Farewell, gentle mistress ; farewell, Nan.

Mrs. Quick. This is my doing now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and [1] a physician ? Look on master Fenton :—this is my doing.

Fen. I thank thee ; and I pray thee, once [2] to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring : there 's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Quick. Now Heaven send thee good fortune ! A kind heart he hath : a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne ; or I would master Slender had her ; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her : I will do what I can for them all three ; for so I have promised, and I 'll be as good as my word ; but speciously [3] for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses ; what a beast am I to slack [4] it ! [*Exit.*

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[1] Or. [2] Some time. [3] Especially. [4] Neglect.

SCENE V.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bar. Here, sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit Bar.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted[1] me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Bar. Here 's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the

[1] Carelessly threw.

Thames water, for my belly 's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bar. Come in, woman.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bar. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I 'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit Bardolph.*]—How now?

Mrs. Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Mrs. Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Mrs. Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she 'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid

her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Mrs. Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Mrs. Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Mrs. Quick. Peace be with you, sir! [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favoredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook: but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins: that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous

rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo,[1] in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness,[2] sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me[3] to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu.

---

[1] A blade manufactured at Bilboa, in Spain, the excellence of which consisted in its flexibleness and elasticity.

[2] Seriously. [3] Make myself ready.

You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there 's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me I 'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The street.

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already think'st thou?

Mrs. Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous[1] mad about

---

Outrageously.

his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I 'll be with her by and by: I 'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Evans. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Mrs. Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master; be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Wil. Two.

Mrs. Quick. Truly I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Evans. Peace your tatlings. What is fair, William?

Wil. Pulcher.

Mrs. Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Wil. A stone.

Evans. And what is a stone, William?

Wil. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is *lapis:* I pray you, remember in your prain.

Wil. Lapis.

Evans. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Wil. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined: *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

Wil. Accusativo, hinc.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child. *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Mrs. Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Wil. O—*vocativo,* O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Mrs. Quick. And that 's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Wil. Genitive case?

Evans. Ay.

Starking sc

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

From Mrs. Page, Anne, William, and Sir Hugh Evans

Act IV Scene 1

Wil. Genitive,—*horum, harum, horum.*

Mrs. Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Mrs. Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Wil. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is *ki, kæ, cod:* if you forget your *kies,* your *kæs,* and your *cods,* you must be preeches.[1] Go your ways, and play: go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag[2] memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Flogged. [2] Ready.

SCENE II.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MRS. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious[1] in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He 's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who 's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—Speak louder. [*aside.*

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[2] again: he so takes on[3] yonder with my

---

[1] Sorrowful [2] Frenzy. [3] Rages.

husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion so-ever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer-out, peer-out!'[1] that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he 's but a dead man. What a woman are you! —Away with him! away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

---

[1] Appear, horns.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?[1]

Fal. What shall I do?—I 'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract[2] for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note. There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I 'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler,[3] and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

---

[1] What do you here? [2] Inventory.
[3] A part of the dress that covered the face.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat,[1] and her muffler too. Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford: he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness,[2] is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up: I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

---

[1] Hat made of coarse woollen cloth.

[2] Seriously.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.
We do not act, that often jest and laugh:
'Tis old, but true, 'Still swine eat all the draff.'[1]
[*Exit.*

Re-enter MRS. FORD, *with two Servants.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door: if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch.
[*Exit.*

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray Heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 *Ser.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain.—Somebody call my wife.—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,[2] a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth;

---

[1] Refuse. [2] Gang.

behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes![1] Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter MRS. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.——Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket.

---

[1] Goes beyond all bounds.

Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity,[1] let me for ever be your table-sport: let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.[2] Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman 's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean,[3] an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of er-

---

[1] Make no excuses for my extravagant behaviour.
[2] Lover. [3] A worthless woman

Starling sc.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Sir John Falstaff disguised, Ford, Shallow, Sir Hugh Evans, &c

Act IV Scene II

rands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery[1] as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.——Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by* MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her.——Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail,[2] never trust me when I open[3] again.

---

[1] Counterfeits. [2] Scent. [3] Cry out.

Page. Let's obey his humor a little farther. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, Shallow, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any farther revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,[1] he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.[2]

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures[3] out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period[4] to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

---

[1] Have not the right of perpetual possession, without the power of redemption.

[2] He will not make farther attempts to destroy our reputation. [3] Conceits. [4] No proper catastrophe.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

Bar. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bar. Ay, sir; I 'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I 'll make them pay, I 'll sauce them:[1] they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off;[2] I 'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

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[1] I 'll charge at a high price. [2] Pay

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie; he 'll never come.

Evans. You say, he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes [1] the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld [2]
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come,
And in this shape. When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we 'll dress

---

[1] Strikes. [2] Old persons.

Like urchins,[1] ouphes,[2] and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused[3] song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch[4] the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes[5] also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards.

---

[1] Hedge-hogs. [2] Elves. [3] Wild

[4] The pleonasm of 'to,' in the composition of verbs, is very common in our early English poets.

[5] An ape.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*aside.*
And marry her at Eton.——Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook:
He 'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he 'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties,[1]
And tricking[2] for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*

I 'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*

---

[1] Little incidental necessaries appertaining to a theatre.
[2] Fit dresses.

SCENE V.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST *and* SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;[1] 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian[2] unto thee. Knock, I say.

Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I 'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military. Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian,[3] calls.

Fal. [*above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar[4] tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend,

---

[1] A bed that runs on wheels; on which servants were accustomed to sleep. [2] Cannibal.

[3] This was a cant term of the time.

[4] Probably in allusion to the wild appearance of Simple. Gipsies are called Bohemians.

bully; let her descend; my chambers are honorable. Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell.[1] What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself. I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about

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[1] He calls Simple 'muscle-shell,' because he stood open-mouthed.

mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit Simple.*

Host. Thou art clerkly,[1] thou art clerkly, sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bar. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, vil-

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[1] Scholar-like.

lain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host *de Jarterre?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat. But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bardolph.*

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have

been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero.[1] Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Mrs. Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Mrs. Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously[2] one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, de-

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[1] A fashionable game at cards in our author's time.
[2] Especially.

livered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Mrs. Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so crossed!

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON *and* HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff

Hath a great scene : [1] the image [2] of the jest
[*showing the letter.*
I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host :
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen ;
The purpose why, is here ; [3] in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,[4]
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry : she hath consented :
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong [5] against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of [6] their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her : to this her mother's plot,
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests :
Her father means she shall be all in white ;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him :—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That, quaint [7] in green, she shall be loose enrobed,

---

[1] Bears a conspicuous character.
[2] Representation. [3] In this letter.
[4] While they are busily pursuing their own merriment.
[5] As strong. [6] Occupying. [7] Fantastically

With ribands pendent, flaring, 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fen. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I 'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MRS. QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling:—go.——I 'll hold.[1] This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

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[1] I'll keep the appointment.

Mrs. Quick. I 'll provide you a chain; and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.[1] [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave. Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I 'll tell you all. master Brook. Since I plucked geese,[2] played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife

---

[1] 'To mince' is to walk with affected delicacy.

[2] To strip a living goose of his feathers was formerly an act of puerile barbarity:

into your hand.—Follow: strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we 'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word,[1] how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, 'mum;' she cries, 'budget;' and by that we know one another.

Shal. That 's good too: but what needs either your 'mum,' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let 's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The street in Windsor.

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, *and* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in

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[1] Watch-word.

green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly. Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*
My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters,[1] and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak! to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

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[1] Profligates.

SCENE IV.

Windsor Park.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, *and Fairies.*

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the park.

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda.—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on 't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MRS. FORD *and* MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut!—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves;' hail kissing-comfits,[1] and snow eringoes;[2] let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck,[3] each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,[4] and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [*they run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

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[1] Sugar plums. [2] Sea-holly.
[3] A buck sent for a bribe.
[4] The shoulders of deer were formerly claimed by keepers as a perquisite.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Falstaff, Mrs Page, Mrs Ford.

Act V. Scene V.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, *like a satyr*; MRS. QUICKLY, *and* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the fairy queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Mrs. Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,[1]
Attend your office, and your quality.[2]——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.[3]

Pis. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:[4]
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die:
I 'll wink and couch. No man their works must eye.
[*lies down on his face.*

Evans. Where 's Pede?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

---

[1] 'Orphans in respect of your real parents, and now dependent only on Destiny herself.'—Farmer.
[2] Companions. [3] The usual proclamation.
[4] A sweet shrub, called a whortleberry.

But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Mrs. Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes,[1] on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be bless'd!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure[2] that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse. But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,

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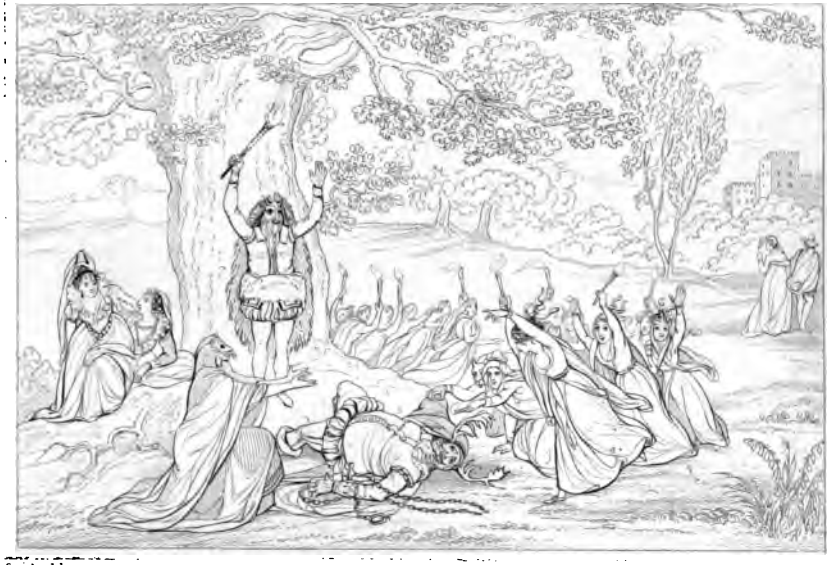
[1] Elves [2] Impression.



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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Sir John Falstaff, Mrs Ford Mrs Page, Sir Hugh Evans, Fenton, Anne Page &c

Act V. Scene V.

To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pis. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy birth.[1]

Mrs. Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pis. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Mrs. Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Evans. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,[2]
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor

---

[1] Slighted as soon as born. [2] A fire in the blood.

Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, *and* MRS. FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.—
Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes[1]
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: and, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

---

[1] Horns.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent,[1] when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize?[2] 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

---

[1] A puppet thrown at in Lent, like Shrove cocks.
[2] A fool's cap of Welsh materials.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What a hodge-pudding?[1] a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable[2] entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins,[3] and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel:[4] ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:[5] use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over

---

[1] A huge compound of evil ingredients.

[2] Enormous. [3] Sweet fermented drinks.

[4] Flannel was originally the manufacture of Wales.

[5] Serves to point my obliquities. 'Allusion appears to be made,' says Mr. Henley, 'to the examination of a carpenter's work by the plummet held over it, of which line sir Hugh is here represented as the lead.'

and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we 'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here 's my hand; all 's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[*aside.*

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched?—I'll make the best in Glocestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir; and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married

to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Evans. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart. What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit Caius.*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress! how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her.[1] Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure,[2] that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate[3] and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!

---

[1] Confound her by your questions. [2] United.
[3] Avoid.

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Evans. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no farther.—
Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The primary source of the fable of this play is to be traced to a story in the Ecatommithi of Giraldi Cinthio, which was repeated in the tragic histories of Belleforest; but Shakspeare's immediate original was the play of Promos and Cassandra of George Whetstone, published in 1578. 'This story,' says Mr. Steevens, 'which, in the hands of Whetstone, produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakspeare, became fertile of entertainment. The old play of Promos and Cassandra exhibits an almost complete embryo of Measure for Measure; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.'

Doctor Johnson, speaking of this play, says, 'I cannot but suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of Cinthio, or written a story, which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cinthio was not the author whom Shakspeare immediately followed. The emperor in Cinthio is named Maximine: the duke, in Shakspeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the persons but because

the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio, duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine, emperor of the Romans.

'Of this play, the light or comic part is very natural and pleasing; but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labor than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite: some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved.'

ARGUMENT

Vincentio, duke of Vienna, anxious to reform the laxity of public morals, which too great remissness on the part of his government had introduced, invests Angelo, an officer renowned for rigid justice, with unlimited authority during his pretended absence ; and, having assumed the habit of a friar, is enabled in this disguise to view attentively the proceedings of his deputy. A young lady of the city, named Juliet, proves pregnant by her betrothed lover, who, according to an old penal enactment, is sentenced by the severe governor to lose his head. Isabella, the sister of the culprit, intercedes for the life of her brother with Angelo, who becomes deeply enamored, and proposes her dishonor as the price of his compliance with her petition. The virtuous maiden spurns at the proffered terms, and flies to Claudio, to whom she relates the perfidy of the governor, exhorting him to submit to his fate with fortitude ; but the fear of death overpowers his resolution, and he implores his sister to yield to the solicitations of the deputy ; which request she rejects with abhorrence. In the mean time the disguised duke has become acquainted with Mariana, a lady formerly affianced to Angelo, who is persuaded to keep a private assignation with her husband, which Isabella has feigned to make in her own name, to secure the safety of her brother. The inhuman tyrant, supposing that he has now perpetrated his object, and dreading the vengeance of the injured Claudio, sends orders to the prison for his immediate execution. The duke now pretends to return from his travels, and Angelo is publicly convicted of murder and seduction both by Isabella and his master ; and is about to suffer the punishment of his crimes, when the entreaties of his deserted wife, and the unexpected appearance of Claudio, who had been rescued from death by the interposition of the disguised duke, preserve him from the fate which he has so justly merited.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, duke of Vienna.
ANGELO, lord deputy in the duke's absence.
ESCALUS, an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
LUCIO, a fantastic.
Two other like GENTLEMEN.
VARRIUS,* a gentleman, servant to the duke.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } two friars.
PETER, }
A JUSTICE.
ELBOW, a simple constable.
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
CLOWN, servant to MRS. OVER-DONE.
ABHORSON, an executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved by Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a nun.
Mrs. OVER-DONE, a bawd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

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* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once spoken to, and says nothing. JOHNSON.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke. Escalus,—

Esc. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold.
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since, I am put to know,[1] that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists[2] of all advice
My strength can give you. Then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency,[3] as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant[4] in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,

---

[1] Since I am assured. [2] Bounds, limits.
[3] Skill in government. [4] Ready.

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

Exit an Attendant.

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul[1]
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

Esc. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honor,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings[2]
Are not thine own so proper,[3] as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues:[4] nor nature never lends

---

[1] Immediate choice
[2] Endowments.
[3] So much thy own property.
[4] For high purposes.

The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise ; [1]
Hold therefore, Angelo ;
In our remove, be thou at full ourself ;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question,[2] is thy secondary :
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honors.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord.

---

[1] Who is himself conversant in the nature and duties of that office, which I have now delegated to him.

[2] First appointed.

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do
With any scruple: your scope[1] is as mine own;
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves*[2] vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The Heavens give safety to your purposes!

Esc. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Esc. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place.
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me.—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Esc. I'll wait upon your honor.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Extent of power. [2] Greetings.

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter LUCIO *and* TWO GENTLEMEN.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gen.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gen.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gen.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gen.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gen.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gen.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gen.* What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion,[1] or in any language.

1 *Gen.* I think, or in any religion.

---

[1] Measure.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy. As for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gen.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.[1]

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 *Gen.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gen.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gen.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

1 *Gen.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gen.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gen.* Judge.

2 *Gen.* To three thousand dollars a year.

1 *Gen.* Ay, and more.

Lucio A French crown more.

---

[1] We are both of the same piece.

1 *Gen.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter BAWD.

1 *Gen.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gen.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gen.* Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gen.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gen.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,[1] what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what 's the news with you?

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what 's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here 's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clown. Come; fear not you: good counsellors

---

[1] Sweating sickness.

lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What 's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let 's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there 's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and Officers;* LUCIO, *and* TWO GENTLEMEN.

Clau. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Clau. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Clau. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope[1] by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin[2] down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What 's thy offence, Claudio?

Clau. What, but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Clau. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Clau. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir; you must go.

Clau. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you. [*takes him aside.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.—Is lechery so look'd after?

Clau. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady: she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation[3] of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;

---

[1] Act of riot. [2] Voraciously devour.
[3] Payment.

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;[1]
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armor, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle[2] on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:

---

[1] 'Whether it be the fault of newness, arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority, of which the new governor has yet had only a glimpse'—Malone. [2] Ticklish.

This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation :[1]
Acquaint her with the danger of my state :
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him ;
I have great hope in that : for in her youth
There is a prone[2] and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may : as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition ;[3] as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I 'll to her.

Clau. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Clau. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A monastery.

Enter DUKE *and* FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father ; throw away that thought ;
Believe not that the dribbling[4] dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom :[5] why I desire thee

---

[1] Enter on her probation or noviciate. [2] Prompt.
[3] Penalties imposed. [4] Fluttering without force.
[5] A breast completely armed.

To give me secret harbor, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Friar. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed;[1]
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.[2]
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture,[3] and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Friar. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;

---

[1] A life of retirement. [2] Showy dress resides.
[3] Strictness.

The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Friar. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith[1] 'twas my fault to give the people scope.
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard[2] with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Since. [2] On his defence.

SCENE V.

A nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isa. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isa. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.
Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*within.*
Isa. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again: I pray you, answer him.
[*Exit Francisca.*
Isa. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister

To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isa. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask:
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.

Isa. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isa. Sir, mock me not:—your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not.[1] Though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isa. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,[2] 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison;[3] even so her plenteous womb

---

[1] I would not mock you.
[2] In few and true words.
[3] Abundant produce.

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isa. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isa. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isa. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand,[1] and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line[2] of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate[3] and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;

---

[1] Kept many gentlemen in expectation. [2] Extent.
[3] Repress.

And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace[1] by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isa. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured[2] him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isa. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isa. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe[3] them.

Isa. I 'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isa. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother[4]
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.

---

[1] Power of gaining favor.
[2] Sentenced.
[3] Possess.
[4] The abbess or prioress.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isa. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, A JUSTICE, PROVOST, *Officers, and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear[1] the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Esc. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honor know,[2]
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,

---

[1] Terrify. [2] Examine.

And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,[1]
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For[2] I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure[3] him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Esc. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Pro. Here, if it like your honor.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor; let him be prepared;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*

Esc. Well, Heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:

---

[1] Plain. [2] Because. [3] Sentence.

Some run from brakes[1] of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, CLOWN, *Officers, &c.*

Elbow. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elbow. If it please your honor, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honor two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elbow. If it please your honor, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Esc. This comes off well;[2] here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to. What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clown. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elbow. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel[3] bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir,

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[1] Thickets, thorny paths. [2] This is well told.
[3] Partly.

was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house,[1] which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that?

Elbow. My wife, sir, whom I detest[2] before Heaven and your honor,—

Esc. How! thy wife?

Elbow. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman;—

Esc. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elbow. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Esc. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elbow. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Esc. By the woman's means?

Elbow. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elbow. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man, prove it.

Esc. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*to Angelo.*

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honor's reverence) for stewed

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[1] Keeps a bagnio. [2] Protest

prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some threepence; your honors have seen such dishes: they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Esc. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clown. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you threepence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Esc. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave: and, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas.[1]—Was 't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallownd eve.[2]

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower[3] chair, sir;—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit. Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping, you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Esc. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit Angelo.*
Now, sir, come on. What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elbow. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honor, ask me.

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[1] All Souls day. [2] Eve of All Saints day. [3] Easy.

Esc. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honor mark his face?

Esc. Ay, sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Esc. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honor see any harm in his face?

Esc. Why, no.

Clown. I 'll be supposed[1] upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

Esc. He 's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elbow. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elbow. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

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[1] Deposed, sworn.

Esc. Which is the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity?[1] Is this true?

Elbow. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal![2] I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Esc. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elbow. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Esc. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elbow. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you born, friend? [*to Froth.*

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Esc. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Esc. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*to the Clown.*

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[1] The constable or the clown? [2] For cannibal.

Smirke del. Starling sc.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Escalus Elbow Froth Town Officers &c.

Act II. Scene I

Clown. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Esc. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Over-done.

Esc. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Esc. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw[1] you, master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Esc. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*]—Come you hither to me, master tapster: what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Esc. What else?

Clown. Bum, sir.

Esc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Esc. How would you live, Pompey? by being a

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[1] Drain.

bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law would allow it, sir.

Esc. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Esc. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then. If your worship will take order[1] for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Esc. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it, after threepence a bay.[2] If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Esc. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I

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[1] Measures.

[2] A bay of building is the space between the main beams of a roof.

shall have you whipped: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart 's not whipp'd out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Esc. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elbow. Seven year and a half, sir.

Esc. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elbow. And a half, sir.

Esc. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elbow. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Esc. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elbow. To your worship's house, sir?

Esc. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*] What 's o'clock, think you?

Jus. Eleven, sir.

Esc. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Jus. I humbly thank you.

Esc. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.
Jus. Lord Angelo is severe.
Esc. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio!—There 's no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another room in the same.

Enter PROVOST *and* SERVANT.

Ser. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I 'll tell him of you.
Pro. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I 'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?
Pro. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Pro. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Pro. I crave your honor's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Pro. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatress be removed;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means:
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA.

Pro. Save your honor! [*offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*to Isabella.*] You are welcome. What 's your will?

Isa. I am a woful suitor to your honor,
Please but your honor hear me.

Ang. Well; what 's your suit?

Isa. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isa. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults,[1] whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isa. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honor! [*retiring.*

Lucio. [*to Isa.*] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isa. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isa. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

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[1] To pronounce the fine or sentence of the law, appointed for certain crimes.

Ang. I will not do 't.
Isa. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isa. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse[1]
As mine is to him?
Ang. He 's sentenced; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold. [*to Isabella.*
Isa. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this:[2]
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, begone.
Isa. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him: there 's the vein. [*aside.*
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

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[1] Pity. [2] Be assured of this.

Isa. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.[1]

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isa. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him:
He's not prepared for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season;[2] shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;

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[1] As man regenerate. [2] When it is in season.

Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isa. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isa. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers! O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That 's well said.

Isa. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,[1] petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.——
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled[2] oak
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man!

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[1] Paltry. [2] Knotted.

Dress'd in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He 's coming; I perceive 't.

Pro. Pray Heaven, she win him!

Isa. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isa. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advised o' that? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isa. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.[1]——Fare
you well.

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[1] She delivers her sentiments with such eloquence, that my sensual desires are inflamed even by what she says.

Isa. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.

Isa. Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isa. Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isa. Not with fond shekels of the tested[1] gold.
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,[2]
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away. [*aside to Isabel.*

Isa. Heaven keep your honor safe!

Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation, [*aside.*
Where prayers cross.

Isa. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isa. Save your honor!

[*Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, and Provost.*

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[1] Attested, stamped.

[2] Preserved from the corruption of the world:

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What 's this? what 's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season.[1] Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigor, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid

---

[1] I am like the carrion, which grows putrid by those beams which increase the fragrance of the violet.

Subdues me quite.—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A room in a prison.

Enter DUKE, *habited like a Friar, and* PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think, you are.
Pro. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child;
And he that got it sentenced: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Pro. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay awhile, [*to Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Jul. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter. But lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare Heaven,[1] as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.[2]
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

---

[1] Spare to offend Heaven.
[2] Keep yourself in this temper.

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Pro. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention,[1] hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is, like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,[2] change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case,[3] thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou still art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

---

[1] Imagination. [2] Profit. [3] Outside.

Enter SERVANT.

How now, who 's there?

Ser One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Servant.*] O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons:
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,[1] subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isa. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isa. Even so?—Heaven keep your honor! [*retiring.*

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[1] People.

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isa. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isa. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made,[1] as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isa. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather; that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isa. Sir, believe this;
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than account.

Isa. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak

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[1] That hath killed a man.

Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isa. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do 't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isa. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good,

Isa. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield[1] beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isa. So.

---

[1] Enshielded, covered.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.[1]

Isa. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that,[2] nor any other,
But in the loss of question [3]) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isa. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I 'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

---

[1] Penalty. [2] As I agree not to that.
[3] Conversation.

Isa. Ignomy[1] in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isa. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary,[2] but only he,
Owe,[3] and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isa. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them.[4] Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.[5]

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger

---

[1] Ignominy. [2] Associate in his crime. [3] Own.
[4] In taking advantage of their weakness.
[5] Take any impression.

Gaurke del. Starling sc.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Isabella & Angelo

Act. 2 Scene IV

Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words: be that you are.
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants) show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isa. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isa. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isa. I know, your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honor.
My words express my purpose.

Isa. Ha! little honor to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming,[1] seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I 'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch[2] against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,

---

[1] Hypocrisy. [2] Attestation.

And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious[1] blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Isa. To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make courtesy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture[2] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.

---

[1] Dilatory. [2] Temptation, instigation.

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A room in the prison.

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, *and* PROVOST.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Clau. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; [1] either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life;—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,

---

[1] Relinquish all hopes of life.

Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,[1]
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots[2] bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo,[3] and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;[4] and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,

---

[1] Affects, i. e. affections.
[2] Masses of metal.
[3] A kind of tetter.
[4] Old age.

To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Clau. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Pro. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

Clau. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isa. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Pro. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Pro. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

Clau. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Isa. Why, as all comforts are; most good indeed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:[1]

---

[1] Resident.

Therefore your best appointment[1] make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Clau. Is there no remedy?

Isa. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Clau. But is there any?

Isa. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Clau. Perpetual durance?

Isa. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity[2] you had,
To a determined scope.[3]

Clau. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one as (you consenting to 't)
Would bark[4] your honor from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Clau. Let me know the point.

Isa. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

---

[1] Preparation. [2] Extent.
[3] To one painful idea, i. e. to ignominy. [4] Strip.

Clau. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isa. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew,[1]
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast,[2] he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Clau. The princely Angelo?

Isa. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards![3] Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed?

Clau. O Heavens! it cannot be.

Isa. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

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[1] Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to show themselves. [2] Emptied. [3] Laced robes.

Clau. Thou shalt not do 't.
Isa. O, were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Clau. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isa. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Clau. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isa. Which is the least?
Clau. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick [1]
Be perdurably [2] fined?—O Isabel!
Isa. What says my brother?
Clau. Death is a fearful thing.
Isa. And shamed life a hateful.
Clau. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit [3]
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts

---

[1] Indulgence of a vicious appetite. [2] Lastingly.
[3] The spirit accustomed here to ease and delights.

Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isa. Alas! alas!

Clau. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isa. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness [1]
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance: [2]
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Clau. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isa. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade: [3]
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*going.*

Clau. O, hear me, Isabella.

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[1] Wildness. [2] Refusal. [3] An established habit.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isa. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

Duke. [*to Claudio, aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honor in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Clau. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there:[1] farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*

---

[1] Continue in that resolution.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Provost, a word with you.

Pro. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.[1] [*Exit Provost.*

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isa. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.[2]—Therefore fasten your

---

[1] *à la bonne heure*, very well.

[2] That is, he will say he made trial of you only.

ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isa. Let me hear you speak farther: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederic, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isa. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederic was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate [1] husband, this well-seeming Angelo!

Isa. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

---

[1] Betrothed.

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonor: in few,[1] bestowed her on her own lamentation,[2] which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isa. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isa. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself[3] to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your

---

[1] In short. [2] Left her to her sorrows.
[3] Have recourse.

place: if the encounter acknowlege itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.[1] The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isa. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange,[2] resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isa. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally*

SCENE II.

The street before the prison.

Enter DUKE *as a Friar; to him* ELBOW, CLOWN, *and Officers.*

Elbow. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that

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[1] Overreached, put to confusion.
[2] A grange is a solitary farm-house.

you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.[1]

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elbow. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elbow. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend; go, mend.

---

[1] A sweet wine, much used in our author's time.

Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elbow. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter LUCIO.

Elbow. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.[1]

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry, bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and

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[1] His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. Some orders of friars wear a hempen cord for a girdle.

method? Is 't not drowned[1] i' the last rain? Ha! What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way?[2] Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clown. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: an unshunned[3] consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elbow. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not

---

[1] Meaning probably—Is not your answer drowned, &c. in allusion to the miserable appearance of Pompey.

[2] What is the mode now?

[3] Inevitable.

the wear.[1] I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elbow. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elbow. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome. But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

---

[1] Fashion.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawned him;—some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. —But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion[1] ungenerative, that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of

---

[1] Puppet.

fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish:[1] the duke had crotchets[2] in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward[3] of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand:—The greater file of the subject[4] held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing[5] fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,[6] must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowlege be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

---

[1] The beggars used to proclaim their wants by a wooden dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to show that their vessel was empty.

[2] Odd fancies.

[3] Intimate friend.

[4] The majority of his subjects.

[5] Inconsiderate.

[6] Steered through.

Duke. Love talks with better knowlege, and knowlege with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.[1] But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke

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[1] Opponent.

yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, BAWD, *and Officers.*

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good, my lord, be good to me; your honor is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Esc. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit[1] in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Pro. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honor.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come

---

[1] Transgress.

Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison. Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd and Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Esc. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Esc. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Esc. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Esc. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved[1] to die.

Esc. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labored for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

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[1] Satisfied.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness,[1] made in crimes,[2]
Mocking, practise on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things![3]
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falshood, false exacting,[4]
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

---

[1] Seeming virtue. [2] Trained in iniquity.

[3] To draw to themselves, by the flimsiest pretences, the most solid advantages, i. e. pleasure, honor, reputation, &c.

[4] 'So disguise shall, by means of a person disguised, return an injurious demand with a counterfeit person.'—Johnson.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A room in Mariana's house.

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a Boy singing.*

SONG.

Take, O, take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
                bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
                seal'd in vain.

Mar. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.[1]

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,

---

[1] 'Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment.'—Johnson.

To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mar. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly[1] believe you.—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mar. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isa. He hath a garden circummured[2] with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,[3]
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads.
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowlege find this way?

Isa. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,

---

[1] Certainly. [2] Walled round.
[3] A gate made of planks.

In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isa. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd[1] him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isa. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mar. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Will 't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*

---

[1] Informed.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes[1]
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests[2]
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes[3] of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Isa. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isa. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'
Mar. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith[4] that the justice of your title to him
Doth florish[5] the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Eyes insidious and traitorous. [2] Inquisitions.
[3] Sallies. [4] Since. [5] Gild, or varnish over.

SCENE II.

A room in the prison.

Enter PROVOST *and* CLOWN.

Pro. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Pro. Come, sir, leave me your snatches,[1] and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves;[2] if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied[3] whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abh. Do you call, sir?

Pro. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-

---

[1] Shuffling answers. [2] Fetters. [3] Unmerciful.

Smirke del Starling sc.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Abhorson. Clown. & Provost

Act IV Scene II

morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abh. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.[1]

Pro. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, sir, by your good favor, (for, surely, sir, a good favor[2] you have, but that you have a hanging look) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abh. Ay, sir, a mystery.

Clown. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abh. Every true[3] man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

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[1] Trade. [2] Countenance. [3] Honest.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Pro. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abh. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare:[1] for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Pro. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Clown and Abhorson.*

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine?

Clau. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labor,
When it lies starkly[2] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

---

[1] Ready. [2] Stiffly.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?
[*knocking within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*
By and by:—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?
Pro. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Pro. No.
Duke. They will then, ere 't be long.
Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There 's some in hope.
Pro. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify [1] in others: were he meal'd [2]
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

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[1] To temper, moderate. [2] Defiled.

But this being so, he 's just.—Now are they come.—
[*knocking within.—Provost goes out.*
This is a gentle provost. Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noise? That spirit 's possess'd with haste,
That wounds the unsisting[1] postern with these strokes.

PROVOST *returns, speaking to one at the door.*

Pro. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Pro. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Pro. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege[2] of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter MESSENGER.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.
Pro. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

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[1] Never at rest, always opening. [2] Seat.

Mes. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this farther charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. This is his pardon, purchased by such sin, [*aside.*

For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Pro. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on:[1] methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Pro. [*reads.*] 'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.'

What say you to this, sir?

Spur, incitement.

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Pro. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.[1]

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless; reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come, insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.[2]

Duke. He wants advice.

Pro. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days intirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in

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[1] That has been confined these nine years.

[2] For mortally desperate, i. e. desperate in the extreme.

your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning,[1] I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Pro. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Pro. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favor.[2]

Duke. O death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death. You know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

---

[1] In confidence of my sagacity [2] Countenance.

Pro. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Pro. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go farther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.[1] Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. I will give

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[1] So in Milton's Comus:—

The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold.

him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you.[1] Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another room in the same.

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colored satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

---

[1] Shall intirely convince you.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abh. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine!

Abh. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abh. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abh. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abh. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, sir.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abh. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Clown. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all

night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abh. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Bar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter PROVOST.

Duke. Unfit to live or die. O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.*

Pro. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years: his beard and head
Just of his color. What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See, this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:—Put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio. Ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation,[1] you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo:—

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[1] The Antipodes.

The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Pro. Here is the head: I 'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.
Pro. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isa. [*within.*] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She 's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Ho, by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isa. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isa. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
Isa. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isa. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance.[1] Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom[2] on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honor.
Isa. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;

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[1] Proof. [2] Your heart's desire.

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke, and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined [1] by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend [2] you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart: trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!
Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow.—By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

---

[1] Bound. [2] Go.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Esc. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched[1] other.

---

[1] Contradicted.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Esc. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esc. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I 'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,[1]
As are to meet him.

Esc. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,[2]
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforced
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?[3]
—no:

---

[1] Figure and rank. [2] Unprepared.
[3] Yet does not reason challenge or incite her to accuse me?

For my authority bears off a credent bulk,[1]
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather.[2] He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonor'd life,
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[*Exit*

SCENE V.

Fields without the town.

Enter DUKE *in his own habit, and* FRIAR PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
[*giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench[3] from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

---

[1] Carries with it unquestionable credit. [2] Utterer.
[3] Start off.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit Friar.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Street near the city gate.

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isa. To speak so indirectly, I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I 'm advised to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.[1]

Mar. Be ruled by him.

Isa. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic,
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mar. I would friar Peter—

Isa. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

---

[1] To hide the whole extent of our design.

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous[1] and gravest citizens
Have hent[2] the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering; therefore hence, away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A public place near the city gate.

MARIANA *(veiled)*, ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a distance.* *Enter, at opposite doors,* DUKE, VARRIUS, *Lords;* ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, *Officers, and Citizens.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Esc. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,

---

[1] Noble. [2] Taken possession of.

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom.
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know,
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favors that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isa. Justice, O royal duke! Vail[1] your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I 'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs. In what? By whom? Be brief.
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isa. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

---

[1] Lower.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isa. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isa. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
A hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, ten times strange.

Isa. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isa. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,[1]

---

[1] As complete in all the round of duty.

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts,[1] titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isa. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality:[2] but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true.[3]

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isa. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother. One Lucio
As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her

---

[1] Habiliments and characters of office.

[2] Apparent inconsistency.

[3] And for ever hide, i. e. plunge into eternal darkness, the false one, i. e. Angelo, who now seems honest.

To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isa. That 's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isa. This gentleman told somewhat of my taie.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isa. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.

Isa. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter:—proceed.

Isa. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he refell'd[1] me, and how I replied;
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:

---

[1] Refuted.

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse[1] confutes mine honor,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isa. O, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond[2] wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor,
In hateful practice.[3] First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isa. And is this all?
Then, O, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance![4]—Heaven shield your grace from woe,

---

[1] Pity. [2] Foolish. [3] Conspiracy. [4] False appearance.

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you 'd fain be gone!—An officer!
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.[1]
—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isa. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord. I know him; 'tis a medling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

---

[1] Conspiracy.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?
F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.
F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowlege that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented.[1] First, for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly[2] and personally accused)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.
[*Isabella is carried off, guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—

---

[1] Convened. [2] Publicly.

Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First let her show her face, and after speak.

Mar. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mar. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mar. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow. I would, he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mar. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mar. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mar. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse.[1]—Let 's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou sworest, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

---

[1] Deception.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman,
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition;[1] but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honor.

Mar. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced[2] this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice.
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal[3] women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice[4] out.

---

[1] Fell short of the contract.
[2] Betrothed.
[3] Crazy.
[4] Conspiracy.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar! and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,[1]
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement. I for awhile
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Esc. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit Duke.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:*[2] honest in

---

[1] To the end. [2] A hood makes not a monk.

nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Esc. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Esc. Call that same Isabel here once again: [*to an Attendant.*] I would speak with her. Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question: you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Esc. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publicly she 'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA, *the* DUKE *in the friar's habit, and* PROVOST.

Esc. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Esc. Come on, mistress: [*to Isabella.*] here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the provost.

Esc. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Esc. Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Esc. How! know you where you are?
Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honor'd for his burning throne.—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.
Esc. The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.
Duke. Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort [1] your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.
Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.
Esc. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is 't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself;
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him.—We 'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose.—What! unjust?
Duke. Be not so hot: the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he

---

[1] To refer back to Angelo.

Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial.[1] My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults;
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Esc. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate. Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice. I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke.

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

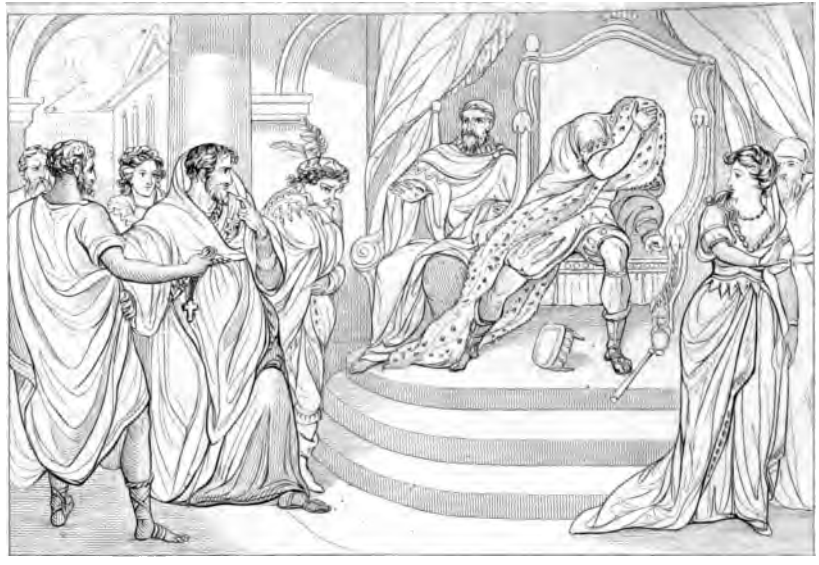
Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

---

[1] Nor of any province dependent on the duke.



Mark Lel

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Duke disguised Varrius Isabella Angelo Escalus &c

Act V Scene I.

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Esc. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal.—Away with him to prison.—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots[1] too, and with the other confederate companion. [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:——
Sneak not away, sir; [*to Lucio.*] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.—— [*to Escalus.*
We 'll borrow place of him.—Sir, by your leave: [*to Angelo.*

---

[1] Wanton wenches.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office?[1] If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes.[2] Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*

Esc. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonor,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince. As I was then
Advertising, and holy[3] to your business,

---

[1] Service. [2] Artful devices.
[3] Attentive and faithful.

Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isa. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.[1]
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscured myself,
Laboring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance[2] of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid!
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose.[3] But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* PROVOST.

Isa. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd

---

[1] Pardon us as we have pardoned you.
[2] Premature discovery.
[3] Knocked my design on the head.

Your well-defended honor, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper[1] tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure.*
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested;
Which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage:[2]
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste:—
Away with him.

Mar. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,

---

[1] Own. [2] The denial of which will avail thee nothing.

To buy you a better husband.

Mar. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him : we are definitive.

Mar. Gentle, my liege,— [*kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labor :
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*to Lucio.*] to you.

Mar. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part ;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I 'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense[1] you do importune her :
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me :
Hold up your hands ; say nothing ; I 'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : so may my husband.
O Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isa. Most bounteous sir, [*kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived. I partly think,

---

[1] Reason and affection.

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mar. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Pro. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Pro. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:[1]
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

---

[1] After more mature consideration.

Pro. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither: let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise,
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *and* JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Pro. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no farther than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.——Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow 's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner, that I saved,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*unmuffles Claudio.*

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to Isabella.*] for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he 's safe;
Methinks, I see a quickening in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits [1] you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, sirrah, [*to Lucio.*] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury,[2] an ass, a madman:
Wherein have I so deserved of you, that you
Extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick.[3] If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman 's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there 's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

---

[1] Requites. [2] Incontinence.
[3] In joke, or thoughtlessness.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.[1]—Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo!
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There 's more behind, that is more gratulate.[2]—
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secresy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace, where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Punishments. [2] More acceptable than thanks.

[redacted]

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF THE

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Shakspeare appears to have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the Menæchmi of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the argument is as follows:—

Two twinne-borne sons a Sicill marchant had,
  Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other:
The first his father lost, a little lad;
  The grandsire namde the latter like his brother.
This, growne a man, long travell tooke to seeke
  His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
  That citizens there take him for the same;
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
  Much pleasant error, ere they meete togither.

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.

'In this play,' says Mr. Steevens, 'we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess, in great measure, how the *dénouement* will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in the last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till they have lost the power of affording any entertainment at all.'

Dr. Drake, in defending our author from the indiscriminate censure of Steevens, observes, that 'if we consider the construction of the fable, the narrowness of its basis, and that its powers of entertainment are almost exclusively confined to a continued deception of the external senses, we must confess that Shakspeare has not only improved on the Plautian model, but, making allowance for a somewhat too coarse vein of humor, has given to his production all the interest and variety that the nature and the limits of his subject would permit.'

ARGUMENT.

A rich merchant of Syracuse, named Ægeon, and a poor man of the same city, become the fathers of twin sons exactly resembling each other in feature: the children of the latter are purchased by the citizen, who bestows them on his sons as attendants. Ægeon, with his wife and family, shortly after visits Epidamnum; and on their return, the ship in which they sail is split asunder by a violent storm, which separates the husband from the wife, and each of the twin brothers from their respective counterparts. Ægeon, with his younger son and attendant, is rescued from his perilous condition, and conveyed to Syracuse. Arrived at years of maturity, the young man is anxious to procure some intelligence of his mother and brother, and, with the consent of his father, quits his home, and at length, in company with his servant, arrives at Ephesus, where the elder Antipholus, who is separated from his mother, has long resided, in high favor with the duke, at whose desire he has united himself to a lady of fortune, who mistakes the stranger for her husband, insisting that he shall accompany her home to dinner: the real husband arrives during the repast, and finds his own doors barred against his entrance The perplexities, arising from the confusion of the masters and their servants, induce the Syracusan youth to suppose himself under the influence of witchcraft, and he takes refuge in a religious house, whither his mother had retired, and had long presided as abbess. The Ephesian dame, supposing the refugee to be her husband, complains to the duke of the conduct of the abbess, who refuses to deliver him up to the custody of his wife. The simultaneous appearance of the young men and their servants now unravels the mystery. In the mean time, Ægeon lands at Ephesus, and is about to lose his head for a violation of the law in entering a hostile city, when he is ransomed by his son, from whom he parted at Syracuse; and recognises, in the person of the abbess, his long-lost wife, Æmilia.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Solinus, duke of Ephesus.
Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse.
Antipholus of Ephesus, / Antipholus of Syracuse, } Twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and Æmilia, but unknown to each other.
Dromio of Ephesus, / Dromio of Syracuse, } Twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholuses.
Balthazar, a merchant.
Angelo, a goldsmith.
A merchant, creditor to Angelo.
Pinch, a schoolmaster and conjurer.

Æmilia, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Luciana, her sister.
Luce, her servant.
A Courtezan.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene, Ephesus.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, *Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more.
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks:
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more; if any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any, Syracusian born

Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been imposed,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,[1]
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse,
From whom my absence was not six months old,

---

[1] Not by any criminal act, but by natural affection.

Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embraced.
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—

The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length, the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapors that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain[1] to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,

---

[1] With vigor.

Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seised on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft[1] the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favor to dilate at full
What hath befallen of them, and thee, till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importuned me,
That his attendant (so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)

---

[1] Deprived, bereft.

Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labor'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean[1] through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbors men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honor's great disparagement,
Yet will I favor thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.—
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

---

[1] Quite.

Jailer. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,[1]
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

A public place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *and a* MERCHANT.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time.
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings.
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

---

[1] Go.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit Dromio S.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain,[1] sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit.
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time.
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds[2] himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

---

[1] Servant. [2] Destroys.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—[1]
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;

---

[1] Because they were both born in the same hour.

If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season:
Reserve them for a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce [1] of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,

---

[1] Head.

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*strikes Dromio E.*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands:
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dromio E.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught[1] of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:[2]
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

---

[1] Over-reached. [2] Licensed sins

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A public place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They 'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none, but asses, will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There 's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls,
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Endued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmoved, no marvel though she pause;[1]
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

---

[1] Is quiet.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.[1]

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner time,' quoth I; 'My gold,' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold,' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold,' quoth he:
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold,' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress:
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

[1] I could scarce stand under them.

'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress :—'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures.[1] My decayed fair[2]
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.[3]

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets[4] it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promised me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,
But falshood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

---

[1] Alteration of features.
[2] Fair, for fairness.
[3] Stalking-horse.
[4] Hinders.

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DRomio of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humor alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.[1]
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,[2]
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too;[3] or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—for urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.

---

[1] Intrude on them when you please.
[2] Study my countenance.
[3] A sconce was a petty fortification.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what 's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There 's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let 's hear it.

Dro. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, ev'n no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But soft! who wafts[1] us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurged wouldst vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savor'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious;
And that this body, consecrate to thee,

---

[1] Beckons.

By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonored.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from him;—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle[1] moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream,

---

[1] Unfruitful.

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue;
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master; am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you[1] of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised?
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF EPHESUS, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours.
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop.
To see the making of her carkanet,[2]

---

[1] Call you to confession.
[2] A necklace strung with pearls.

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar. Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd; go, bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*within.*] Mome,[1] malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![2]

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

---

[1] Blockhead. [2] Fool.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I 'll tell you when, and you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?[1]

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*within.*] What a coil[2] is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that 's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

---

[1] I own, am master of. [2] Tumult.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part[1] with neither.

---

[1] Have part.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.[1]

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something: I 'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking! Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here 's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in. Go, borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?

---

[1] Over-reached by foul and secret practices. A proverbial expression.

For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather;
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone: fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honor of your wife.
Once[1] this:—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made[2] against you.
Be ruled by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever housed where it gets possession.

---

[1] Once for all. [2] Made fast, barred.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle:—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there 's the house: that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

Ang. I 'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs[1] rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?

---

[1] Young plants or shoots of love.

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
  Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
  Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
  Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
  Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
  Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false. What need she be acquainted?
  What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
  And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
  Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
  Being compact of credit,[1] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
  We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
  Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,[2]
  When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,
  I know not,

---

[1] Being made altogether of credulity. [2] Light of tongue.

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine)
Less, in your knowlege and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labor you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I 'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;[1] how, I do not know.

---

[1] Confounded.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.[1]

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[*Exit Luc.*

Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

---

[1] All the happiness that I wish for on earth, and all that I claim from heaven hereafter.

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why? she sweats: a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; — but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks[1] to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured[2] to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog,[3] and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbor in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

---

[1] Large ships of burden, the same as those called galleons.

[2] Affianced.

[3] A dog that misses his game; and, being of small value, is used as a turn-spit.

Ant. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain:
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now.
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay,
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter a MERCHANT, ANGELO, *and an* OFFICER.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing[1] to me by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

---

[1] Accruing.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS, *from the Courtezan's.*

Off. That labor may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou,
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit Dromio E.*

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humor, here 's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carract;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humor out of breath.

Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r[1] you 'll answer me, or no;
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do;
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer:
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

---

[1] Whether.

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage,[1] sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish[2] sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.[3]

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it.

---

[1] Lading, cargo. [2] Silly. [3] Carriage.

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will;
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation madest thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?[1]

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

---

[1] In allusion to the northern lights, which have the appearance of armies meeting in the shock.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still:

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,[1]

Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless every where;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making,[2] worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:[3]

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

---

[1] Dry, withered. [2] Stigmatised by nature with deformity.

[3] The lapwings fly, with seeming fright, far from their nests, to deceive those who seek their young.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment[1] hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter,[2] and yet draws dry-foot[3] well:
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.[4]
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.[5]
Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him; that I can tell.

---

[1] Officers of justice were formerly clad in buff, which is also a cant term for a man's skin.

[2] Quibble on the word 'counter,' which means the wrong way in the chase, and a well-known prison in London.

[3] Follows men by the scent. [4] A cant term for a prison.

[5] A general action for the redress of a wrong not especially provided for by law.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at; [*Exit Luciana.*

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band? [1]

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he 's worth to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too. Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there 's the money: bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;[1]
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new appareled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

---

[1] Fanciful conceptions.

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest[1] to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.[2]

Ant. S. What! thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest.'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

---

[1] 'Is firmly resolved: a phrase taken from military exercise.' —Malone.

[2] 'A morris-pike was a pike used in a morris, or military dance.'—Johnson.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter COURTEZAN.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.
Is that the chain, you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, 'God damn me,' that 's as much as to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We 'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! What tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you all are, a sorceress :
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised ;
And I 'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone ; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise ; and if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly, pride, says the peacock. Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain :
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS *and an* OFFICER.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away;
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus.
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man: I think, he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?
Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.[1]
Ant. E. But where 's the money
Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

---

[1] Correct them all.

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.[1] I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders,

---

[1] Which his master had lengthened by frequently pulling.

as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* COURTEZAN, *with* PINCH, *and others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem,* respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, 'Beware the rope's end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*beats him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion[1] with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you dined at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy,[2] your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable,[3] she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes,[4] she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

---

[1] Fellow. [2] A corruption of the French oath, *par Dieu*.
[3] Without a fable. [4] Certainly.

Dro. E. In verity, you did:—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.
Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth!
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*Pinch and his assistants bind Ant. E. and Dro. E.*

Adr. O, bind him, bind him; let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish[1] officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor;

---

[1] Foolish.

And, knowing how the debt grows,[1] I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy [2] strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt Pinch and Ass. with Ant. E. and Dro. E.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows [3] it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

---

[1] Has accrued. [2] For unlucky, i. e. mischievous.
[3] Becomes

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords: let 's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away; they 'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Officer, Adr. and Luc.*

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff[1] from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night: they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Baggage.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The same. Before an abbey.

Enter MERCHANT *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir;
Of credit infinite; highly beloved;
Second to none that lives here in the city.
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.

This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honor and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*they draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, COURTEZAN, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad:—
Some get within him,[1] take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.[2]
This is some priory.—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the abbey.*

Enter ABBESS.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

---

[1] Close, grapple with him. [2] Go into a house.

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy[1] of our conference:

---

[1] Theme.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And, at their heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labor in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome sirups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again: [1]
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order:
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him. [*Exit Abbess.*

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,

---

[1] To bring him back to his senses.

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry[1] execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE *attended;* ÆGEON *bare-headed; with the Headsman and other officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important[2] letters,—this ill day

---

[1] Sad. [2] Importunate.

A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order [1] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,

---

[1] Measures.

And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[1] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And, ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him[2] like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Ser. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.
[*cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,

---

[1] Successively, one after another.
[2] Cuts his hair close.

That he is borne about invisible.
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio. [*aside.*

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there;
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonor'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots [1] feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

---

[1] Harlot was a term of reproach, applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women.

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart;
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,

From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me, Heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.[1]
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go, call the abbess hither:
I think you are all mated,[2] or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Ægeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

---

[1] Which is said to have transformed the companions of Ulysses into swine. [2] Confounded.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. O! grief hath changed me since you saw me last;
And careful hours,[1] with Time's deformed[2] hand,
Have written strange defeatures[3] in my face.
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!

---

[1] Hours of distress and sorrow. [2] Deforming.
[3] Alteration of features.

Though now this grained[c] face o
In sap-consuming winter's drizzl
And all the conduits of my blood
Yet hath my night of life some m
My wasting lamp some fading gl
My dull deaf ears a little use to l
All these old witnesses (I cannot
Tell me, thou art my son Antiph

Ant. E. I never saw my fathe

Ægeon. But seven years since,
Thou know'st, we parted: but, p
Thou shamest to acknowlege me

Ant. E. The duke, and all th
city,
Can witness with me that it is n
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian,
Have I been patron to Antipholu
During which time he ne'er saw
I see, thy age and dangers make

Enter ABBESS, *with* ANTIPHOLU
SYRACUSE.

Abb. Most mighty duke, be
wrong'd. [a

Rugand del. Starling sc.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not, or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:[1]

---

[1] The morning story is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play.

These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I: yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathised one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; until this present hour,
My heavy burden not delivered.—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you, the calendars of their nativity,[1]
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I 'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.*

---

[1] Addressing the two Dromios, who were born on the same day with their masters.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff[1] from ship-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio.

Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and E. Adr. and Luc.*

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother.
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?

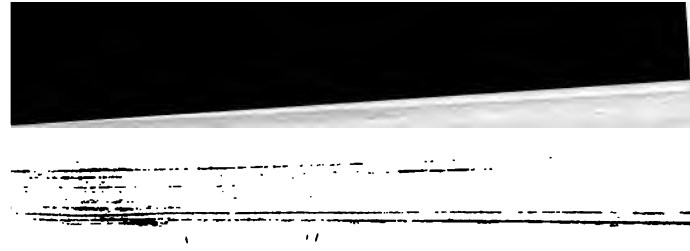
Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

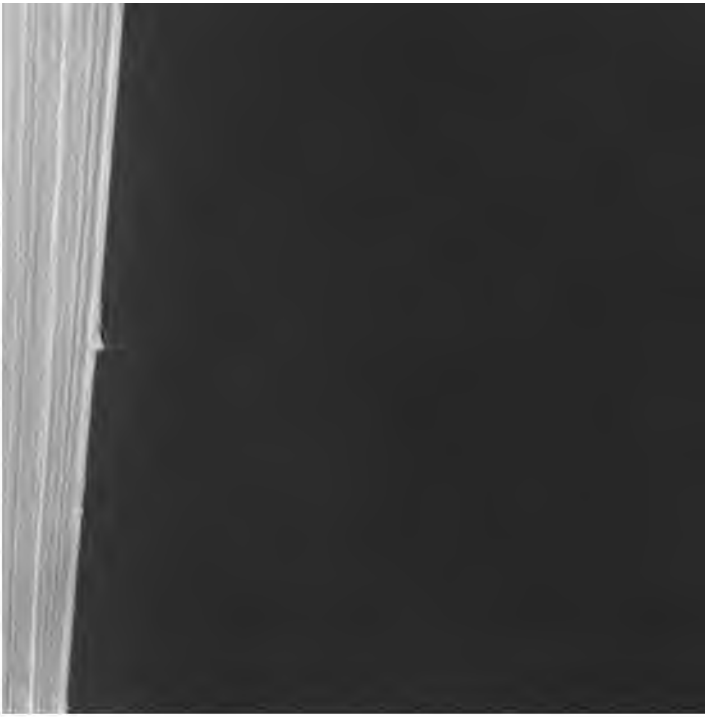
Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Baggage.

END OF VOL. II.





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